

# TALES TOLD *IN* PALESTINE

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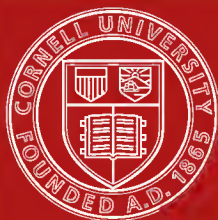
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THE JAFFA GATE.

# TALES TOLD IN PALESTINE.

COLLECTED BY  
J. E. HANAUER.

EDITED WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
H. G. MITCHELL.

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## INTRODUCTION

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IN the years 1901 and 1902 it was my privilege to spend several months in Palestine. While there I met a number of persons more or less familiar with the folk-lore of the country and heard from them scores of interesting stories. One gentleman, the Rev. J. E. Hanauer, at my request furnished me with the materials from which this volume has been compiled.

The stories will doubtless speak for themselves, but it may conduce to a readier appreciation of their value if I introduce them by noting a few points that have occurred to me while I have been preparing them for publication.

In the first place it should be remembered that this collection is but "a drop from a bucket" as compared with the entire mass of folk-lore extant in Palestine. It is not surprising, when one thinks of the matter, that there should be so many of these

stories in circulation. The people of the country are, unfortunately, largely illiterate, and those who have learned to read have very little literature within their reach. When, therefore, they desire the results usually produced by reading, they have to obtain them chiefly through oral intercourse with one another. This demand has given rise to a supply as varied as it is abundant; so that the men, when they meet at their lounging-places, although they have no newspapers to read, do not lack for entertainment, and the women have a substitute for the light literature of more cultivated communities to relieve the monotony of the harem.

This folk-lore has importance of another kind to the foreigner. Just as, in the case of a literature, the student is able to derive from it knowledge concerning the people that produced it, so one may expect through these oral products to become acquainted with the inhabitants of Palestine. They ought, therefore, to appeal to any one who is interested in the development of the race; but, since the present population must have inherited much from past generations, they should prove especially interesting and instructive to the thoughtful student of the Bible. Moreover, from the scientific standpoint the most subjective among them should be considered the most valuable.



It is not my purpose to discuss at length in this connection the traits of character that betray themselves in these stories. I have not had time to study them carefully enough to warrant me in so doing. I can not, however, refrain from mentioning two elements in them for which I was not prepared. I had thought of the people among whom they originated as somber, if not sullen, in disposition and hopelessly enthralled by superstition. I was therefore greatly surprised to find in their folklore the evidence that they have a keen sense of humor and that they do not take for granted the correctness of all that is taught them. In the story entitled "A Glimpse Behind the Scenes" there is a mingling of humor and skepticism that is delightful.

The stories seemed naturally to fall into the five classes into which I have divided them; but now and then one of them might, with almost equal propriety, have been assigned to either of two classes. Thus, for example, "The Grave of Kolonimos," betraying, as it does, the faith of the Jews in God's peculiar care for them, might have been placed among the "Stories of Modern Miracles;" but, thinking that it was probably to some extent historical, I included it in the first division. This disposition of it was favored also by the fact that it

suggested the two about Ibrahim Pasha, which may pretty safely be regarded as essentially authentic. In the case of "The Saragossa Roll," as in that of the Book of Esther, the observance of a commemorative feast forbids one lightly to deny that the story has a foundation in fact. See Driver, "Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament," 483. I suspect that the only real foundation for the story of "The Maidens' Chambers," is in the actual existence of caves so called. First, some one, struck by their apparent inaccessibility, suggested this as an appropriate name for them; then, the name having become current in the surrounding district, some one else who had a lively imagination invented the tale that is now told in explanation of its origin. If this supposition is correct, the story furnishes an interesting parallel to that of the jawbone in the history of Samson. (See Jud. xv, 44ff.) Such anecdotes as "Genuine Kindness," etc., are so numerous in the East that one can hardly believe them all authentic; yet, since there is nothing essentially improbable in them, there can be no objection to classifying them as "more or less historical."

In grouping most of the stories with a miraculous element by themselves, I do not intend to imply that none of them has a foundation in an actual occurrence. The object is to direct attention to this

element as characteristic of Jewish folk-lore. It should also be noted that, in these cases of divine intervention, when God employs an intermediary, it is not, as in earlier times, a man chosen "from the midst" of his people, but one of the ancient prophets. This fact reminds one of Matt. xvi, 14, and the Jewish doctrine that prophetic inspiration ceased with Malachi. See Weber, "System der Alt-synagogalen Palaestinischen Theologie," 5.

The stories of the *jan* suggest some interesting questions. Such things as are therein narrated are evidently believed, at least among the lower classes, in Palestine. It is possible that those who know better sometimes take advantage of popular credulity to impose upon their inferiors in intelligence. The account of himself given by "The Unwilling Husband" may be an attempt of this sort. A man who had reasons for not telling why he had forsaken his home, or where he had been during his absence, may have invented it to forestall embarrassing questions. Still, those who are possessed by a superstition can believe almost anything. Thus, Baldensperger ("Quarterly Statements," 1893, 204ff.) tells of a man, once in his employ, who "would never stay out in the field by night, because his *jinniyyeh* (female demon) regularly met him, and he was very much afraid of her," and who

“could never look at a woman and smile, for his jinniyyeh was jealous and had several times thrown him on the ground.”

I have placed among the “Illustrations of Oriental Wit and Wisdom” three or four stories which I at first classified as more or less historical anecdotes. Of course it is possible that the incident of “The Lost Chapter,” for example, actually occurred; but, in view of the invention displayed in “A Rare Occasion” and “The Devil a Learner,” it is quite as safe to assume that it was invented by somebody whose object was mildly to ridicule the illiteracy of the rural clergy.

At this point I am reminded to say a word to prevent misconception and sensitiveness on the part of any who may be especially related to the classes of people with whom the stories have to do. Since, as has already been indicated, the object in publishing them was not so much to amuse the casual reader as to furnish the serious student with information with reference to the way in which the people of Palestine look at things, it was necessary to reproduce them without substantial alteration. Nothing, however, has been set down in hostility to any person or class of persons. In fact, in some instances, in which popular opinion seemed to me to have expressed itself too bluntly, I have softened or omitted objectionable language. I trust that

nothing has been overlooked at which any one, under the circumstances, will be justified in taking offense.

I have taken occasion in the notes to say of some of the stories that they are not original in the form in which they are here presented. See, for example, "The Mysteries of Providence." I presume there are others that have had a similar history. Moreover, some of them have already been published, four or five of those relating to the Jews being found in Frankl's "Nach Jerusalem" (Eng. "The Jews in the East"). In no case, however, has one been copied from such a source, but all of them have been taken directly from the lips of the people.

Finally, I desire to emphasize the fact, already stated, that the credit of collecting the stories belongs entirely to Mr. Hanauer. He long ago saw their value and began to store them in a wonderful memory. My part, after having persuaded him to let me publish them for him, has been, first to take them down as he told them, and then to copy and arrange them, introducing the notes and illustrations where they seemed desirable. If the book proves as interesting and instructive to others as it has been to me, I shall feel that the time it has cost me has been well expended.

H. G. M.

Boston, October, 1904.

NOTE.—In the proper names, and other Arabic words which it was necessary or advisable to introduce, I have generally adopted the colloquial pronunciation. Those who are acquainted with the language will understand the system of transliteration. For the benefit of those who are not I will say that the combination *kh* is to be pronounced like *ch* in German. The rest of the diacritical marks may be neglected. The vowels generally should have what are called their “Continental” sounds, but *ay* that of the same letters in the word *day*. The numbers that appear in the text refer to notes at the end of the volume.

ANECDOTES MORE OR LESS  
HISTORICAL







ST. STEPHEN'S GATE.



## THE LIONS OF ST. STEPHEN'S GATE.

It is not often that representations of men or animals are found in the ornamentation of structures reared by Mohammedans. Now and then, however, such cases occur. In the outer face of St. Stephen's Gate, *e. g.*, there is a pair of rudely carved lions on either side of the entrance. They are said to have been put there to commemorate a dream that led Sultan Selim, who conquered Palestine in 1517, to plan the restoration of the walls of the city. This is the tradition in the matter:

One night Sultan Selim had a frightful dream. He thought he was being torn to pieces by four lions. He sent for the council (*'ulema*) and inquired of its members how the dream was to be interpreted, but none of them could give him any clue to its meaning. The most that they were able to do was to refer him to a famous shaykh residing at some distance, who, being skilled in such matters, might, they thought, be helpful in this instance. The sultan acted upon this suggestion, and in due time the shaykh made his appearance.

When he was presented, he told the commander of the faithful that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to discover the meaning of the portent, unless his majesty would so far confide in him as to tell him what plans he had been consid-

ering before he went to sleep the night the lions disturbed him. The monarch replied that he had for some time been troubled more or less by the turbulent behavior of the inhabitants of Jerusalem, who had refused to pay their taxes and in various other ways manifested an unruly disposition; and that, on the night in question, he had been discussing with himself the advisability of sending a military force to punish them. "Ah," said the shaykh, "'Allah has sent the dream to restrain you from committing what would be a great sin. Jerusalem is the city of the saints and the prophets, and 'Allah blesses, not those who injure, but those who benefit it. I should therefore advise your majesty to order to be undertaken a great work that will enhance the welfare of the city. By so doing you will obtain the good will of the people and bring a blessing upon your government.'"

The sultan not only approved the plan proposed, but resolved to visit Jerusalem in person, which he did. In harmony with the new policy he ordered the walls to be rebuilt and the Hāram<sup>1</sup> restored. He did not live to see his commands fulfilled, but his son, Sulayman, carried out his father's intentions. The work of rebuilding the walls was intrusted to two brothers, both of whom were architects. They began at St. Stephen's Gate, one working toward the north, the other toward the south. After seven years they met at the Jaffa Gate. The lions were inserted at the starting point to recall the incident in connection with which the work was suggested.<sup>2</sup>



KUBBET-'EL-'ABD.



## AT THE GATE.

The Jaffa Gate, the one by which most pilgrims enter the Holy City, has doubtless witnessed many a tragic event. Tradition says that the great Jewish poet, Rabbi Jehuda Levi, of Toledo, who wrote many hymns, especially the elegies (*kinoth*) for the month of 'Ab, met his death under its shadow. All his life he had longed to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but had been prevented. Finally, in his old age, the obstacles in his way were removed, and he found himself in Palestine. He was not, however, permitted to enter Jerusalem. On reaching the gate he was so completely overcome by his emotions that he threw himself upon the ground and lay there weeping, regardless of all that was passing about him. A troop of horsemen came galloping toward the city. He neither saw nor heard them; and they came so rapidly that, before any one could interpose, the horses had passed over him and trampled him to death.<sup>3</sup>

## A NAMELESS TOMB.

Near the northeast corner of Birket Mamilla is a small domed building, called Kubbet-el-'Abd, containing a cenotaph that doubtless marks the last resting-place of a distinguished man, perhaps one of the Crusaders. There are various stories about it current at Jerusalem.

One says that the building covers the tomb of a

black slave who became a famous Moslem warrior. On one occasion, when fighting with a Christian, he is said to have cleft his antagonist with a single blow from the crown of his head downward.<sup>4</sup>

Another story is that this building marks the site of the tomb of the man whom Saladin left in command of Jerusalem after he wrested it from the Christians.

"They say," also, that under this structure lie the remains of Joḥah, a famous buffoon, about whom many anecdotes are related.

When he was a boy his mother one day sent him to the market to get salt and butter (*semneh*). She gave him a dish for the butter, expecting that the shopkeeper would put the salt into a bit of paper. When the boy reached the shop he bought the butter and had it put into the vessel his mother had given him. Then he asked for some salt, and, having paid for it, turned the vessel over and asked the shopkeeper to pour it on the bottom. When he reached home he said to his mother, "Here, mother, I have brought you the salt." "But, my son," said she, "where is the butter?" "O," replied Joḥah, turning the dish right side up, "here it is." Of course the butter had long since run out, and now the salt was scattered.

When the boy became a little older he earned his living for some time as a donkey-driver. At one time he had in his charge a drove of twelve donkeys with which he was carrying dirt, etc., from one place to another. While he was thus employed it occurred to him, just before starting from the Jaffa



Gate, to count his animals. Having done so and found the number complete, he proceeded with them to the place where the dirt with which they were loaded was to be deposited.

There he unloaded them, and, mounting one, was about to start on his return to the city, when he bethought him to count them a second time. To his astonishment he found that he could make the number only eleven. Hastily dismounting he placed the animals, including the one on which he had been mounted, in a row, and now he had no difficulty in finding a round dozen. Greatly relieved, he remounted and set his troop in motion. As he rode along, he wondered why it had taken him so long to find the twelfth donkey. Then it occurred to him that, after all, that second count might have been correct and the last one mistaken. To settle the matter he undertook a recount while the animals were in motion, with the result that his fears were confirmed; there were only eleven: that is, until he dismounted and arranged them as before; and then he was as much perplexed as gratified to find that he again had twelve.

The lad was so fascinated by the problem thus presented that he continued to count and recount until he had spent the greater part of the day in the fruitless effort to determine whether or not one of his beasts was missing. He would probably not have reached the city before sunset, had not his master, alarmed by his continued absence, gone to meet him and cut short his calculations.

## THE GRAVE OF KOLONIMOS.

In the bed of the Kidron, a little southwest of the so-called tomb of Zacharias, there is a heap of stones which is venerated by the Jews of Jerusalem as marking the site of the grave of Rabbi Kolonimos. They recite prayers and psalms there when they happen to be passing.<sup>5</sup> The story connected with this heap of stones runs as follows:

In the first quarter of the eighteenth century Kolonimos was the spiritual head of a small Jewish community at Jerusalem. At that time the Jews were greatly oppressed by the Moslem inhabitants of the city. One Sabbath, while the rabbi was engaged in his customary devotions at the Wailing Place,<sup>6</sup> the verger of the synagogue came, almost breathless with haste and fear, to tell him that the town was in an uproar, and the Moslems were vowing that they would exterminate the Jews. The reason for the commotion was that a Moslem boy had been found slain in the Jewish quarter,<sup>7</sup> and his coreligionist declared that he had been killed by the Jews to obtain blood for their passover cakes. While the verger was yet speaking, a party of Moslems arrived on the scene, and, seizing the rabbi, first beat him and then dragged him off to the Government House (*seray*), to arraign him before the pasha. The governor examined him and, finally, pointing to the body of the murdered lad, which had also been brought into his presence, told him that it was certain the crime had been committed

by the Jews, and that, unless they produced the actual murderer, or murderers, he would wreak direst vengeance upon the whole community. On hearing this threat the rabbi asked for a pen and paper, with a bowl of water. When these articles had been brought, he wrote certain sentences from the *Ḳabalah*, also the tetragrammaton,<sup>8</sup> on the paper, and washed the latter in the water;<sup>9</sup> all the time repeating certain cabalistic formulæ. He then applied the wet paper to the lips and forehead of the boy, who immediately sat up and, after gazing about him for a moment, leaped to his feet, seized one of the bystanders by the throat, and exclaimed, "This man, and no other, is guilty of my blood." Having uttered these words, he sank to the floor a corpse, as before. The man, a Moslem, who had thus been identified as the real criminal, turning pale, at once confessed his guilt and was led away to punishment.

The rabbi, of course, was immediately set at liberty; but, realizing that he had violated the Sabbath by writing and practicing magical arts, even though he had done what he had done for the preservation of life,<sup>10</sup> he spent the rest of his days in the performance of the severest penances and austerities. Nor did this satisfy him. When he was dying he charged his friends that they should not honor him with the ordinary funeral observances, but, having borne his body to the brow of the hill overlooking the Kidron, should cast it down the declivity, as if it were the carcass of a horse or a donkey, and bury it wherever it stopped rolling. Moreover, he directed that the Jews, instead of erecting a monu-

ment over his grave, should, for a century after his death, whenever they passed the spot, cast each a stone upon it, as was the custom in the case of the graves of malefactors. His friends obeyed his injunctions with reference to the manner of disposing of his body, but could not bear the idea of leaving his grave unhonored. They therefore laid a stone over it. The next morning after the slab had been put into place, however, it was found broken, and, as often as it was replaced, the same result was repeated; until those who had sought to pay a deserved tribute to the departed teacher were obliged to respect his instructions. Thereafter it became the custom to cast a stone upon his grave, as at the traditional tomb of Absalom, higher up the valley. It is said that the heap now shown was thus accumulated, and that the last stone was cast upon it some eighty years ago.

The story of Kolonimos is doubtless largely fiction, but it may contain a kernel of history. The rabbi was probably a man of great shrewdness and common sense. His ability to write was evidently considered almost a supernatural accomplishment. Fifty years ago there were very few natives of the country who could either read or write, and every one who could was regarded by the more ignorant as possessed of a degree of magical power. If this was the case at that time, how much more must it have been so early as the date of Kolonimos! What really took place was probably something like this: While the rabbi was writing and muttering his hocus-pocus, he was furtively scanning the faces of



THE GRAVE OF KOTONIMOS.



the bystanders to see if there was any one present who was particularly interested in the outcome. Seeing fear or anxiety depicted on the features of one of them, he concluded that it was caused by a guilty conscience, and he had only to point his finger at the shrinking culprit to produce a confession.

#### THE TALKING DOOR.

Such instances of shrewdness in detecting evil-doers on the part of noted characters have not been infrequent, according to the folk-lore of the country. For example, a story much like that told of Kolonimos is related of Ibrahim Pasha.

During the occupation of Palestine by the Egyptians in the earlier part of the last century, Ibrahim, who had been appointed governor of the country, happened to be at Jaffa, when a goldsmith doing business in the place came to him, complaining that the previous night his shop had been entered and a quantity of jewelry and other valuables abstracted. He requested that the thief be apprehended and punished, and the property restored. Ibrahim replied that, if the goldsmith would produce the thief, and make good his accusation, he, Ibrahim, would see that justice was done. The goldsmith, however, declined to accept this proposition, frankly telling the pasha that he considered him responsible for the loss sustained, since, as long as the country was under the sultan of Turkey, he had never been robbed or molested; but, now that the Egyptians had occupied Palestine, although

they had promised the people a good government, they had not protected him in the enjoyment of his property. He therefore claimed that Ibrahim, as the representative of the Egyptians, was bound, either to discover the thief and make him return the stolen goods, or himself make compensation for the loss sustained. Ibrahim, pleased with the man's straightforward manner, promised to detect and punish the offender. Accordingly he gave orders to the town-crier of Jaffa to go through the city and make public announcement that, at a certain hour the next day, the governor intended to punish the door of the goldsmith's shop for having been unfaithful to its office, and required all the male inhabitants of the city to be present on the occasion, that they might see how impartially justice was to be administered by the Egyptian Government.

The town-crier did as he had been ordered, and, as a result, when the hour mentioned arrived, the street in front of the shop was filled with people, some of whom were whispering to one another that the pasha must have gone mad, to have gotten them together for such a silly spectacle. Finally Ibrahim appeared accompanied by his executioner. He first harangued the assembly on the necessity of being faithful to duty, and wound up by stating that the Egyptian Government was determined to execute the strictest justice and punish, without partiality, the slightest breach of trust, even though it were committed by a senseless and inanimate object. Then, turning to the door, he said, "Even this door shall be punished for failing to keep out thieves, the office



which it had to fulfill, unless it tells me who it was that entered the shop and carried away some of its contents the night before last." Thereupon he addressed the door, commanding it to reveal the name of the thief, and threatening it with instant punishment if it refused to obey him. There being, of course, no response, he ordered the public executioner to administer a hundred lashes with his whip (*kurbaj*).

The executioner obeyed, and, after the door had been well flogged, the pasha again addressed it, exhorting it to disclose its secret; adding that if it were afraid or ashamed to pronounce the name aloud, it might whisper a description of the thief into his ear. At the same time he bent his head toward the door, as if listening for an answer. Suddenly he straightened himself up, exclaiming, "It is a lie. Do you think I can believe such rubbish?" He then ordered the executioner to give the door a second hundred; after which he repeated his exhortation, and again waited for a satisfactory reply. In a little while he broke into a loud laugh and, turning to the assembled multitude, said: "This accursed piece of wood persists in telling me the same ridiculous tale. It actually wants me to believe that the man who robbed this shop the other night is in this crowd, and that he still has dust and cobwebs from the place on his cap" (*tarbush*). At this one of his auditors slyly passed his hand over his head-dress. The pasha, who, of course, was on the watch for such manifestations, immediately ordered the man arrested, and, on satisfying himself that he

really was guilty, turned him over to the tender mercies of the executioner.

### THE STOLEN LEBEN.

This is not the only story of the kind that is told of Ibrahim Pasha. Among others there is one which might be entitled "The Stolen Leben." It is related that, while he was at Jerusalem, he encouraged the peasants (*fellahin*) of the surrounding country to bring their produce to the city, assuring them that his soldiers had received orders not to molest them or take anything from them without paying for it in cash. They accepted the invitation, and generally received the treatment promised them. One day, however, a woman from Silwan, who had brought to market a basket of jars filled with curdled milk (*leben*), came to him in distress, saying that one of his soldiers had seized one of her jars, drunk the leben it contained at a draught, and gone his way without so much as saying "Thank you." Ibrahim asked her how long it was since the affair occurred, and whether she thought she could identify the thief if she saw him. The woman replied that it was but a few minutes since the man had left her, and that she was sure she should be able to pick him out amongst a thousand. "You shall have the opportunity," said he and, calling a trumpeter, gave him orders to blow the assembly. In a few minutes every Egyptian soldier in Jerusalem was standing on parade in the open space, southeast of the castle, now occupied by the bar-



A VENDER OF LEBEN.



racks afterward erected by Ibrahim. When they were all in line, the pasha took the woman and led her up and down among them, telling her to look at each one and point out to him the offender. She finally stopped in front of one who, she said, was the man for whom they were looking. The pasha asked her if she was sure. She said she was. He asked this question three times, always receiving the same answer. Finding that he could not shake her testimony, he drew his sword and with a dexterous thrust laid the fellow open, releasing the leben that he had so recently swallowed. Then, turning to the woman, he said: "It is fortunate for you that you picked out the right man. If you had failed, you would have suffered a worse fate than the soldier." It is said that this example had a salutary effect in a twofold sense: that, on the one hand, the soldiers thenceforth feared to wrong the fellahin; and, on the other, the latter carefully avoided the necessity of bringing complaints against the former.<sup>11</sup>

#### THE WELL OF THE DOG.

At the point, near the Tombs of the Kings, where the road from the Damascus is crossed by the one from Herod's Gate, there is a cistern and a drinking-fountain called the Well of the Dog (*Bir el-Kelb*). It is a modest affair, but it has its legend, which runs as follows:

There was once a peasant who had a dog of a singularly docile and affectionate nature. One

evening, when the animal had followed his master to the city, as they were returning, the man was attacked near the Tombs of the Kings and murdered. The dog, driven off by the murderers, returned as soon as they had disappeared and kept watch until the lifeless body was discovered and buried. Nor was this the limit of his devotion. He took possession of the spot on which his master's blood had been spilled and refused to allow any one to pass that way. This was too much; and very soon a passing Arab, with his gun, put an end, as he supposed, to the faithful creature.

As he supposed, but he was mistaken; for, although the dog had been killed and his body thrown into a neighboring pit, his ghost, with that of his master, still haunted the spot where they had fallen, and terrified travelers. The brother of the murdered man, therefore, to the end that he might bring repose to his brother's soul, had the cistern now called Bir el-Kelb, and the fountain attached to it, made for the gratuitous use of passers-by and their animals. The ghosts then ceased to visit the scene of the murder.<sup>12</sup>

#### THE QUEER FOLK OF DAYR ES-SENNE.

A little below the Well of Job, on the right as one goes down the valley, there is a recess in the bank which, in dry weather, if it were noticed, might be taken for a gravel-pit. Here, however, in the winter water comes to the surface in considerable quantities. Hence the place is called 'Ayn Lozeh.



BIR'EL-KELB.





It is the place where years ago Warren, on being told by a peasant that it was an entrance to the bowels of the earth,<sup>13</sup> excavated and found the wonderful tunnel described in "The Recovery of Jerusalem," 257ff.

Still farther down the valley, on the other side and toward the top of the ridge that forms the northern bank, there is an immense ruin, which, although it is unmistakably the remains of a cistern, is called a monastery, Dayr es-Senne. In the neighborhood are other traces of a village about whose inhabitants curious stories are current. They are said to have been very strange people, so queer that 'Allah was finally obliged to destroy them on account of their fantastic and foolish notions. For instance, they never properly cooked their food before eating it. They went through the form of putting it over the fire, to be sure, but they hung the caldron so high—sometimes even twenty feet from the ground—that, after burning any quantity of wood under it, the contents of the vessel were as raw as ever; and no amount of ridicule or expostulation would induce them to abandon their senseless and heathenish custom.

They were also peculiar in their religious ideas and practices. They worshiped the heavenly bodies. They knew so little of these luminaries, however, that one night, because the moon did not rise as early as they expected, they concluded that the people of 'Abu Dis, a village a mile or two east of their own, had stolen it; and they organized an expedition to recover their deity. Fortunately, soon after

starting, on coming to the top of an intervening hill, they saw the moon rising above the horizon. Thereupon they raised a shout of triumph and said to one another, "Those fellows must have heard that we were coming and let it go for fear of our vengeance."

On account of their persistence in such absurdities, 'Allah decreed that they should die childless, except one family, whose descendants still live at Bethany. Nor did this family entirely escape. Lest the folly of their ancestors should be forgotten it was predestined that they should never have more than one son to represent them; and so it has been to this day.

#### THE KURDS AT HEBRON.

Orientalists have good memories as well as fertile imaginations. It would, therefore, not be strange, if there should be found in the folk-lore of Palestine many a story throwing welcome light on the history of the country, especially since its occupation by the Moslems. The following, told by the shaykh of a village not far from Hebron, seems to be such a bit of unwritten history:

Some four hundred years ago, when Sultan Selim took possession of Palestine, he stationed a large body of Kurds in garrison at Hebron. The inhabitants of the city, being high-spirited and unaccustomed to external restraint, were greatly annoyed by the presence of the troops among them; but, seeing no hope of success in a revolt, they took

refuge in their fatalistic notion of the will of 'Allah, and bore the infliction for a long time with characteristic patience. Meanwhile the Kurds lorded it over them with increasing rigor and arrogance. They built houses and planted orchards on the hillside north of the H̱aram, introducing trees hitherto unknown from other countries. Now, as is well known, it has always been the custom in Palestine to allow any one passing on the road to pluck fruit hanging over the wall of an orchard or vineyard for his immediate use without restraint or rebuke.<sup>14</sup> The Kurds refused to recognize this custom. They kept jealous guard over their plantations, and, if they found any one trespassing, made him suffer for his temerity, sometimes going so far as to cut off his hands.<sup>15</sup> They found other ways, also, of making themselves odious to the natives of the place.

The tension between the two classes increased as time went on, and still the Hebronites submitted. At last they began to feel that they could endure the tyranny of their oppressors no longer, and to look for an excuse or occasion for revenging themselves. It was not long in coming. One evening during the feast of Beiram, the Kurds, with their chief, came down to drink coffee and otherwise amuse themselves in the market-place. When they had been there some time, the leader proposed that they send for Badriyeh, the daughter of one of the most respectable men in the city, to entertain them. This was too much. The men of the place with one accord flew to arms, declaring that to require one of their maidens to appear in public as a dancing-

girl was an insult that could only be wiped out in blood. The Kurds, being unprepared for so sudden and furious an attack, were speedily overpowered. Many of them were killed. The rest, including their leader, fled to Bayt 'Ummar, Bayt Fejjar, and other places.

They never returned to oppress the people of Hebron, but their leader finally succeeded in revenging himself for their expulsion on the father of Badriyeh. One evening just after dark he appeared at his enemy's house disguised as a woman, and inquired for its master. The latter stepped outside the door to learn what was wanted, giving the Kurd his opportunity. A little later the body of the murdered man was found by his family on the doorstep.

### THE MAIDENS' CHAMBERS.

In the cliff that towers above the railroad on the north side just east of 'Artuf is a large opening called Samson's Cave. A little farther east are several smaller ones that are known as the Maidens' Chambers ('*Alali 'l-Banat*'). The origin of this latter name is explained by a legend of which a woman from 'Akur gave the following version:

It is not good for either a man or woman to remain unmarried. If they do, the devil is sure, first or last, to get them into mischief. In proof of this hear the story of the Maidens' Chambers. Not far from our village is a deep valley, one side of which is formed by a rocky wall where there are caves so

far above the ground that they can not be reached without ropes and ladders. I have heard my grandmother and other old women tell that in the times of the Infidels<sup>16</sup> these caves were occupied by a number of beautiful girls who had taken a vow not to marry, and had retired to this place to escape temptation. They had their food lowered to them every day by ropes from the top of the cliff, and no one, least of all a man, was supposed to be allowed to come any nearer. After some years, however, children were seen running from one cave to another, and then it was discovered that the maidens had lowered a rope to the bottom of the valley and enticed a handsome hunter, whom they had seen there, to come up by it and live with them. What was done to them—whether they were allowed to starve to death or were punished for their wantonness in some other way—I do not know. I tell the story to show the folly of those who talk of remaining unmarried.

#### THE SARAGOSSA ROLL.

About twenty-five years ago there lived and labored at Jerusalem a missionary to whom was offered for sale a very interesting Hebrew manuscript. It was so small that one naturally at first took it for a copy of the Book of Esther, such as can be bought any day in Jerusalem. It was not, however, this book, but one of similar origin. The owner called it the Roll of Saragossa, and related that it had been written to commemorate the deliv-

erance of the Jews of that city under the following circumstances:

About a thousand years ago there were in Saragossa twelve synagogues supported by as many communities of rich and influential Jews. They were on the whole very well treated by the Government. When, therefore, the king came to Saragossa, the rabbis of all the synagogues used to go in procession to meet him, each carrying, inclosed in its richly ornamented case, the Roll of the Law belonging to the synagogue over which he presided. In process of time, however, the rabbis, finding the sacred manuscripts too heavy for them, agreed among themselves to leave the rolls at the synagogues on such occasions and appear with the empty cases.

They practiced this harmless deception, much to their relief, for some time without being suspected, but finally it nearly became their destruction. A certain Jew, who was in the secret, in an evil hour yielded to the arguments of the Christians and forsook the faith of his fathers. His zeal as a new convert prompted him to do his utmost to distress and injure his own people. When, therefore, he bethought him of the matter of the rolls, he lost no time in making use of his knowledge with reference to it. An opportunity soon offered itself. The king was speaking very warmly of the loyalty of his Jewish subject. The renegade, overhearing him, at once replied that he was deceived, that if, *e. g.*, the next time the rabbis paraded in his honor, he had the cases in which they were supposed to carry the

rolls of their respective synagogues opened, he would find them empty. On hearing this the king was greatly displeased, but fortunately postponed his vengeance until he could test the truth of the charge.

He set out the very next morning for Saragossa, with the informer in his train. The latter was in high spirits over the apparent success of his plot, but he had reckoned without the good genius of his people. During the night a venerable man had waked the servant of each of the synagogues in turn, told him of the plan of the king to surprise the rabbis the next day, and warned him to see that the case carried by the head of his community actually contained the roll that belonged in it. When, therefore, the herald in the morning announced the approach of the monarch, and the rabbis went to meet him, they were prepared for the encounter. He met them with a frown, and, without deigning to return their salutation, ordered the cases opened. The order was obeyed, but it was the king, and not the rabbis, who was discomfited, for every roll was in its place. The royal displeasure was naturally now transferred from the latter to their enemy, who was promptly hanged from the nearest tree.

In commemoration of this event the Jews of Saragossa instituted an annual feast similar to that of Purim, which they continued to observe even after they had been driven from Spain by subsequent persecutions. Some of them came to Jerusalem, where their descendants still celebrated it when the roll came upon the market.<sup>17</sup>

## GENUINE KINDNESS.

A certain sultan was one day discussing with his vizier the subject of kindness. They differed widely in their views. The sultan maintained that kindness was the fruit of real nobility of character and goodness of disposition, while the minister asserted that no one was, or could be, kind to others, unless he was himself well-to-do, or at least in comfortable circumstances. Finally, when the sultan thought the discussion had continued long enough, he sent for the Shaykh 'el-'Islam, and ordered that a record of it, and the views presented by both parties, be made in the presence of this highest of Mohammedan religious officials. This was done and the document placed in the public archives.

Some months later the sultan one afternoon sent privately for the shaykh, and, on his arrival at the palace, said to him, "The time has come to test the soundness of the vizier's views concerning kindness, as recorded in your presence. Here is a disguise for you and another for me. Let us put them on and go out secretly to see if we can settle the matter." Having said this he arrayed himself as a derwish, and, when the shaykh had followed his example, they both left the palace by a secret passage known only to the sultan.

As they traversed the streets and alleys of the city they saw many things that interested them, but did not find the opportunity they were seeking. When they reached the outskirts the sun was set-

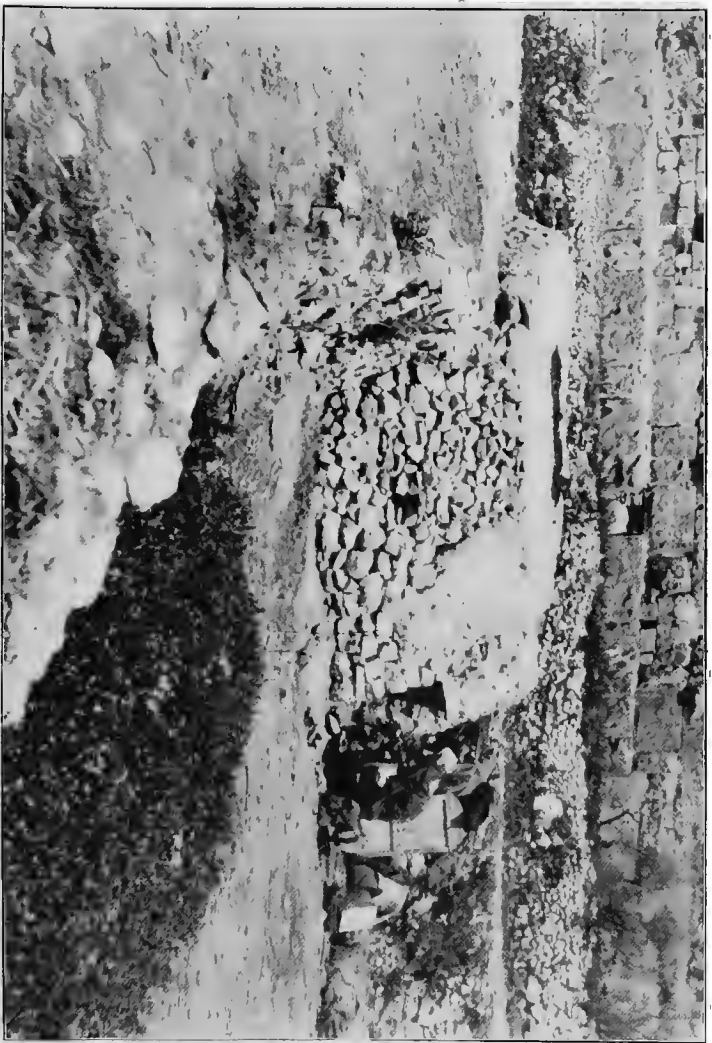


ting, and by the time they were fairly in the country it was growing dark. They therefore rejoiced to see a light glimmering in a field a little distance from the road and resolved to see whence it came. Led by its feeble rays they soon found themselves at the door of a little mud-roofed hut, such as one often sees at the present day in a corner of an orchard or vineyard. It was occupied by a poor goat-herd and his family, consisting of his wife, his mother, and seven small children. The man himself had not yet returned from his work, but, when the strangers introduced themselves as derwishes who had come a great distance and craved food and shelter, the women cordially invited them into the house, assuring them that the head of the household would soon return to welcome them. He was engaged, they said, in seeing the flock of which he had charge safely folded.

A few minutes later he arrived, bringing with him four goats, which constituted his entire substance. On hearing his step the little ones ran to embrace him and tell him that guests had arrived. He at once came in and saluted them, assuring them that they were most welcome and that their presence was an honor to his dwelling. Having done all he could to make them comfortable, he excused himself for a few minutes, and, going to the owners of the goats he tended, begged for a couple of loaves of wheaten bread, as guests had come to him and he could not set before them the coarse, dhurah bread that he and his children always ate. When he returned, his wife produced some eggs, leben,

etc., and invited the pretended derwishes to refresh themselves. "Pardon me," said the sultan, "but my companion and I are under a vow not to eat anything but bread and broiled kidneys for a whole year, and we dare not touch other food." Without saying a word or showing the least annoyance the host left the house again, and, in the spirit of genuine Arab hospitality, slaughtered his four goats, and set their kidneys, when he had broiled them, before his guests. Meanwhile the sultan had invented a second excuse. "These look delicious," said he, "but pray excuse us from eating them for the present. We have on us a vow not to taste food of any sort until after midnight. Since, however, you have kindly prepared this, we will take it with us and eat it when our vow has expired. And now, I am sorry to say, we must take our leave; for we have to be at a certain place by midnight, and we have no time to spare." In vain did the goatherd and his family press them to spend the night; they would not be persuaded, but departed, each carrying with him four broiled kidneys packed in a loaf of bread.

When the sultan and his attendant found themselves alone again, the former said, "Let us now go to the house of the vizier and ask him for hospitality." On reaching the place they found it brilliantly lighted and heard from within the sound of music. The minister was entertaining some of his friends at supper. The pretended derwishes sent him a humbly worded request for food and a night's shelter. Both were promptly denied them. They



A HUMBLE HOME.



persisted until they heard the vizier shouting angrily to his slaves, "Drive the vagabonds away; but first give them a sound beating to teach them not to disturb and importune me in this fashion." The order was literally obeyed, and the supposed mendicants barely escaped with their lives.

They reached the palace about midnight. When they had changed their dress, the sultan privately ordered the court physician to attend him without delay. The doctor, a discreet man, knowing when to speak and when to hold his tongue, quickly relieved the sufferings of his august patients without inquiring how they had gotten their weals and bruises. Then the sultan gave orders that the officials of his diwan should assemble as soon as possible. They came, the vizier at their head, full of mingled curiosity and trepidation. When they were all assembled, the sultan first described to them the goatherd's hut and its location, and then gave them this order: "Go, all of you, and take a position near that humble dwelling, without disturbing any of its inmates. Wait there until the goatherd makes his appearance, then, addressing him with the greatest respect, say that I request the favor of his attendance at my palace. Be sure that you show him the greatest courtesy, and do not forget, when you return, to bring with you the four goats whose carcasses you will find lying just outside his door."

The poor goatherd was naturally greatly alarmed when, the next morning, on issuing from his hut, he saw the array of courtiers and soldiers waiting to escort him to the presence of his sover-

eign, and his anxiety was increased when he saw them making preparations to carry the dead goats with them. His aged mother, however, reminded him that no one could dispute his right to do what he would with the animals, and assured him that the sultan could mean him no harm.

The sultan received his humble guest most graciously. When he had greeted him with great kindness and invited him to a seat of honor, he ordered the account of the discussion between himself and the vizier to be brought and read aloud to the assembled company. Next he told the story of his adventures in search of hospitality with the Shaykh 'el-'Islam. When he had finished he turned upon the vizier and said sternly, "You yourself have proven that your arguments were worthless. Who among all my subjects is better able than you are to show kindness and generosity to his fellows? Yet how shamefully have you fallen short of your duty in this respect! Had you known who they were who were asking for hospitality at your gate, you would doubtless have come fawning and cringing, and begged the privilege of entertaining us. Not being aware of our rank, you betrayed to us the natural unkindness of your disposition and your unworthiness of the wealth and honors you enjoy. I therefore decree that your office be taken from you and your property confiscated. This poor goat-herd, on the other hand, who begged for his guests better bread than he himself could afford to eat, thus exposing the misery in which he and his family were living, and who sacrificed in his goats his en-

tire substance, although the apparent greediness and impudence of his guests might have excused him from such extreme generosity,—this man, I say, has displayed a truly kind and noble character, and he shall henceforth be my friend.” Thus the vizier was disgraced and the goatherd exalted to honor.

’ALLAH, THE BOUNTIFUL.

A certain sultan was one day struck with the difference between the cries of two beggars in the street near the gate of his palace. One of them was shouting lustily, “’Allah preserve to us the sultan. ’Allah, give victory to the sultan;” while the other said, “O ’Allah, the Bountiful.” The monarch, flattered by the interest of the former in his welfare, called his vizier and said, “See that the beggar who is constantly praying for me gets a roast fowl stuffed with gold pieces; but give the other one dressed in the usual way. I do not see why this latter should call on ’Allah, and not on me, to help him.”

The vizier obeyed, and the man who had called on ’Allah for help was gratefully turning away to carry the fowl that he had received to his wife and little ones, when the other said to him, “Buy this fowl from me. Of what use is such a delicacy to me? I have no wife or children. What I want is money, not rich viands.” “Well,” was the reply, “I have only a bishlik,<sup>18</sup> and that is nothing like the value of a roast fowl; but, if you can afford to sell yours

at that price, I shall be glad to buy it." "Agreed," said the seller, "I prefer money to food, and I know of no one who is likely to give me more for this morsel than you have offered." Thus it happened that the man who trusted in 'Allah not only got a good meal, but found himself suddenly possessed of a small fortune.

This man now ceased to beg and took a small shop, from the profits of which he and his family were able to live in comfort. His companion, however, as soon as he had spent the bishlik he had gotten for his fowl, went back to his place at the sultan's gate and again took up the cry, "'Allah, give the sultan victory," etc. "Give him another fowl stuffed with gold," commanded the monarch. When the beggar received the second fowl he hurried to his former comrade and offered it to him for another bishlik, which, of course, the latter was perfectly willing to pay.

When the familiar cry, "'Allah, give the sultan victory," was heard the third time from the palace, the sultan, surprised and angry, inquired, "How is this? In spite of all I have given this fellow he continues to ask alms, while the one who received next to nothing has not since been near my gate. Call this one into my presence." When he appeared the sultan, frowning on him, sternly demanded, "How is it that you are still begging, although I have given you money enough to make you a rich man?" "Alas! O monarch of the age," replied the beggar, "all that I have received at your highness' gate are two fowls, which I sold, as I received them, for a





A GROUP OF BEGGARS.



bishlik each to another beggar, who used to cry, 'O 'Allah, the Bountiful,' but who has suddenly, by what means I can not guess, become rich and opened a grocer's shop." The sultan, on hearing this, was astonished beyond measure and exclaimed, "By heaven! 'Allah has shown that it is better to trust in him than to receive the bounty of the sultan, better to pray, 'O 'Allah, the Bountiful,' than to pray for my prosperity."

#### A SHREWD JUDGE.

At the southern end of the H̄aram stands the great mosque, formerly a Christian Church, called 'el-'Aḳṣa. In it is a remarkable pulpit inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, and near this pulpit, on the southern wall of the building, is a piece of ornamental Arabic in a gold frame. The guardians of the mosque say that it was a present from Sultan Maḥmud, father of Abdul Mejid, that, in fact, it is his autograph. The sultan, it seems, was very proud of his calligraphy. Once, on hearing that a certain scribe was the most expert penman living, he challenged him to a trial of skill. The challenge was accepted, and, in due time the contest took place. The specimens produced were then sent by the sultan to various persons competent to judge in such matters, that they might decide who was the better artist. All but one, fearing to offend their master, voted in his favor. This one contrived, without offending him, to be just to his really more skillful rival. He wrote on the latter's specimen, "This is

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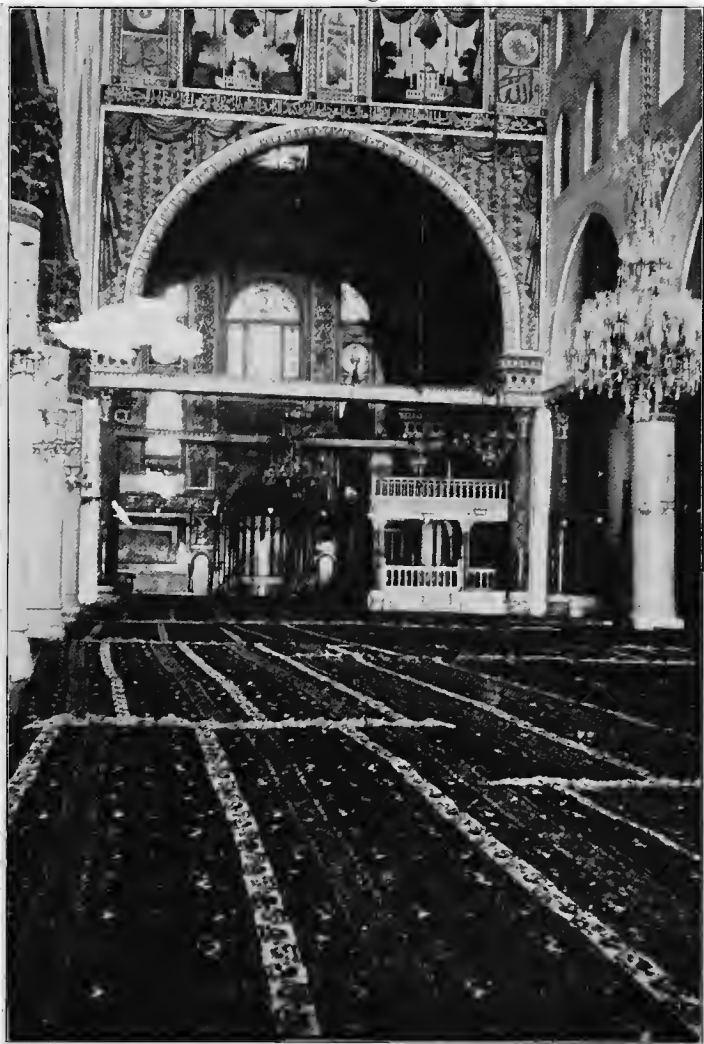
the handwriting of the best of scribes," and on that of the royal penman, "This is the handwriting of the best of scribes and sultans." The sultan was so pleased with the man's shrewdness and honesty that he sent him a handsome present.

### A WISE ANSWER.

Many stories similar to the one related are current in Palestine. Here is another:

A certain sultan awoke one night in great terror. He had dreamed a dream, which, although he did not understand it, seemed to him to threaten serious misfortune. In the visions of his head on his bed he had seen all his teeth suddenly fall from his mouth. "The loss of a single tooth," he said to himself, "is a fearful omen; how much more so the loss of all one has, and at once!" The thought was so terrible to him that, although it was some hours before daylight, he roused his attendants and sent them post-haste to summon the members of his council and all the rest of the wise men of his court.

They came without delay and, at first, were somewhat relieved to learn that it was only a dream that had brought them together; but when, having related it, the monarch demanded an interpretation, most of them began to wish themselves safe at home in their beds. One, however, a young man fresh from the schools, who was eager to distinguish himself, felt otherwise. In fact, thinking that the occasion afforded him a good opportunity to gratify his



THE INTERIOR OF 'EL-'AKṢĀ.



ambition, he came forward without a special invitation, prostrated himself at the feet of his master, and asked permission to present his interpretation. "O Sultan," he said, "ruler of the age, the dream be to your enemies, and the interpretation of it to all those that hate you; for its significance is dreadful. It portends the destruction of all your relatives before your eyes in one day."

On hearing this explanation the sultan, becoming furious, ordered the presumptuous fellow to be severely bastinadoed, thrown into prison, and fed on bread and water for a year, for having ventured to predict evil to his sovereign. Then he turned fiercely upon the trembling circle of scholars and courtiers remaining, and, stamping his foot, repeated his demand. For a minute they all stood quaking in silence. Then the oldest member of the 'ulema stepped forward and addressed him: "Praised be 'Allah," he began, "who has vouchsafed to reveal to your majesty the blessing which in undeserved mercy he intends to bestow upon the nations under your dominion. Happy are we, happy are all who enjoy the honor and privilege of being your subjects, O Sultan; for this is the matter that the Almighty has made known to you, that you are destined to outlive all your kindred."

The sultan was so pleased with this interpretation of his dream that he ordered the old man's mouth to be filled with pearls, a gold chain to be hung round his neck, and a robe of honor to be given him. He then dismissed the assembly. As they were on the way home, the son of the grand

vizier, who had been present, whispered to his father, "I can see no real difference in the two interpretations." "Ah, my son," replied the vizier, "in this life you will find that it is not so much what a man says as the way in which he says it."

#### BIRTH *vs.* TRAINING.

Oriental generally have great regard for pure blood and ancient lineage. There are many very poor people in Palestine, servants, laborers, etc., who claim to be "children of stock," *i. e.*, of noble birth, and on this account expect and enjoy a certain consideration from the less favored. There is a seamstress in Jerusalem whose family boast that they are descended from the Persian king, Khosroes. A man employed as a servant in an English family traced his lineage to the Fatimite khalif 'edh-Dhahir, while a teacher in one of the schools asserted that he was descended from a line of ancient kings.<sup>19</sup> The value placed upon connection with a good family is expressed in the saying "Take good stock, even on the mat," *i. e.*, marry a woman of good family, even if she possess nothing but a mat. The same regard for good birth is illustrated by the following story:

A certain monarch had two viziers, one of whom was a Jew, the other a Christian. They were very jealous of each other and constantly employed in trying to poison their master's mind against each other. The Christian would suggest that the sovereign give his adversary a certain hard question



to answer, and the latter would repay the suggestion with interest. One day the question raised was, whether it were better to be humbly, very humbly born, but well educated, or to belong to a good family and live in extreme poverty. The Jew preferred the latter alternative, the Christian the former. The Christian maintained that a good education compensated for any defect in lineage, citing in proof of the assertion the fact that he himself had trained a cat so perfectly that it would perform, and that faultlessly, the office of waiter at a prince's table. "Well," replied the Jew, "if his majesty will command you to show your cat's skill in support of your opinion, I will ask permission in my turn to demonstrate by convincing proof that good birth is preferable to any amount of training."

The monarch approved this suggestion and commanded that the trial should take place the next day. At the appointed time, on a signal from the Christian vizier, to the surprise and admiration of all beholders, a beautiful cat came on its hind legs into the royal presence, bearing in its paws a small golden tray with refreshments. Now the cunning Jew had brought with him a mouse in a little box which was hidden in the ample sleeve of his robe. When the cat was on the point of presenting the tray, he suddenly opened the box and allowed the little prisoner to escape. The cat, instantly aware of the presence of its prey, hesitated a moment, then, dropping the tray with all that it contained upon the floor, started in pursuit.

The king declared that the Christian had been

worsted. Nevertheless he required the Jew to produce further proof of the justice of his contention. To this he replied: "In your majesty's harem are a large number of young maidens drawn from all classes among your subjects, daughters of nobleman as well as gypsy girls, who are being educated and prepared for the honor of serving you as odalisques. If it please your majesty let one of the gypsy girls, even the best trained, be called into your presence and asked the following question: 'Should you after midnight, but before daybreak, happen to awake from your slumbers, how would you be able to perceive that the dawn was near?' " The girl was called and the question put to her. She replied without hesitation, "I should listen for the braying of a donkey, because, as is well known, at the approach of dawn a donkey brays after this fashion;" and she imitated this least musical of animals.

When the girl had retired, the Jew, saluting his master, said: "May it please your majesty to notice that this maiden has answered as any one among her people would have answered, and not in accordance with the ideas of polite society or the training she has received in your majesty's seraglio. Will you now graciously command that a maiden of noble birth, but, by reason of fallen fortunes, of defective education, who has recently been admitted into the seraglio, be summoned and asked the same question?" The request was granted. When the maiden described appeared, on being asked how she would be able to detect the approach of dawn, she said, "May it please your majesty, my

mother has told me that the light of a diamond grows dimmer as dawn approaches." On hearing this beautiful and characteristic answer the king and all the rest who were present applauded it and agreed that, although training was good, noble birth was better.

The king was so pleased with the wit displayed by his Jewish vizier that he loaded him with presents and honors. The Christian, on the other hand, was condemned to death. At the intercession of his rival, however, he was pardoned on condition that he resign his post and retire to private life.<sup>20</sup>

#### THE DECISIONS OF KARAKASH.

One sometimes hears among the natives of Palestine the expression, "This is a decision of Karakash." It is used when a decision that has been rendered seems absurd to the speaker, and is said to have had its origin some centuries ago during the administration of a *qadi* of this name who was noted for his judicial eccentricities. The following are among the stories told concerning him:

#### AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

A certain weaver, when he finished his work and closed his shop for the day, left a sharp bodkin sticking in the web on which he had been employed. During the night a thief got into the place, intending to carry off the nearly finished piece of cloth;

but, as he was groping about in the dark, he stumbled against the loom and fell so that the bodkin pierced and destroyed one of his eyes. The accident prevented him from fulfilling his purpose; but he took time carefully to lock the door of the shop with the false key by which he had entered before he went home to seek relief from the pain he was suffering.

The next morning the would-be thief, ignoring his criminal intention, appeared before the *ḳadi* and claimed damages from the weaver for the loss of his eye. The judge, having heard the complaint, sent for the defendant. When he arrived the following conversation took place:

Judge. "Did you leave a sharp bodkin sticking in your web when you left your shop last night?"

Weaver. "Yes, my lord."

Judge. "Well, through your carelessness this good man has suffered serious injury. He stumbled against your loom, fell upon the bodkin, and put out one of his eyes. Now, as he has appealed to me, and I am resolved to administer strict justice as long as I hold my office, I decide that, as a penalty for causing the loss of one of his eyes, you must lose one of your own."

Weaver. "But, my lord, if he lost an eye last night in my shop, it must have been through his own fault. The door being locked, it is plain that his entrance was unlawful, and that his errand was to rob me."

Judge. "Did you find the door broken or injured in any way?"

Weaver. "No, my lord."

Judge. "Did you miss anything from your shop when you opened it this morning?"

Weaver. "No, my lord."

Judge. "Well, we have no right to judge of what a man thought or intended to do, unless he really does it. From your own statement it is clear that the plaintiff has not only not injured you, but has himself been injured through your carelessness. I therefore insist that, in the interests of impartial justice, you shall suffer as he has by losing one of your eyes."

It was in vain that the weaver begged for mercy, offering to indemnify the thief for his misfortune. K̄arakash seemed inexorable. Finally, however, the weaver bethought him of a compromise. "It is right," said he, "and perfectly just, O my lord, the k̄adi, that you should require an eye in compensation for the one that this unfortunate man has lost. Allow me, however, to call your attention to a circumstance that may induce you to modify your decision. You are a just man, and therefore will not willingly impose an excessive penalty or cause the innocent to suffer with the guilty. Now, my friend who has lost an eye is a single man, with no one but himself to provide for. I, on the other hand, have a wife and several children, who are dependent on me for their daily bread. If, therefore, I should be obliged to lose an eye and give up my trade,—for I could not weave with one eye,—my family also would suffer; in other words the penalty would far exceed the offense. Let me suggest a fairer ver-

dict. The man who keeps the shop next to mine is a bachelor, like the injured party. Besides, he is a gunsmith, and he needs but one eye for the business of looking along gun-barrels. If you took one of his eyes justice would be satisfied and he could hardly complain." K̄arakash was delighted with this suggestion, and, in accordance with it, transferred the penalty he had decreed from the weaver to the gunsmith.

#### AN IMPRACTICABLE SENTENCE.

A house was being built in the town where K̄arakash resided. The mason had done his part and now the carpenter was adding the doors and windows. While he was fitting one of the latter a stone to which he was fastening it suddenly gave way and he fell to the ground, breaking one of his legs and receiving other injuries. It was so bad a case that the sufferer felt justified in suing the owner of the house before K̄arakash for damages. When the defendant appeared, however, he said that it was not he, but the mason, who was to be blamed for the accident, since, if the stone had been properly laid, the carpenter would not have fallen.

The judge admitted the justice of this plea, dismissed the owner of the house, and summoned the mason to answer for his negligence. He also, on being arraigned, had an excuse. He said that just as he was fixing the stone in question his attention was attracted by a woman who was passing on the street; and that she should be punished, not he, be-

cause she was arrayed in a flowing red robe so distracting that he could not give proper attention to his work.

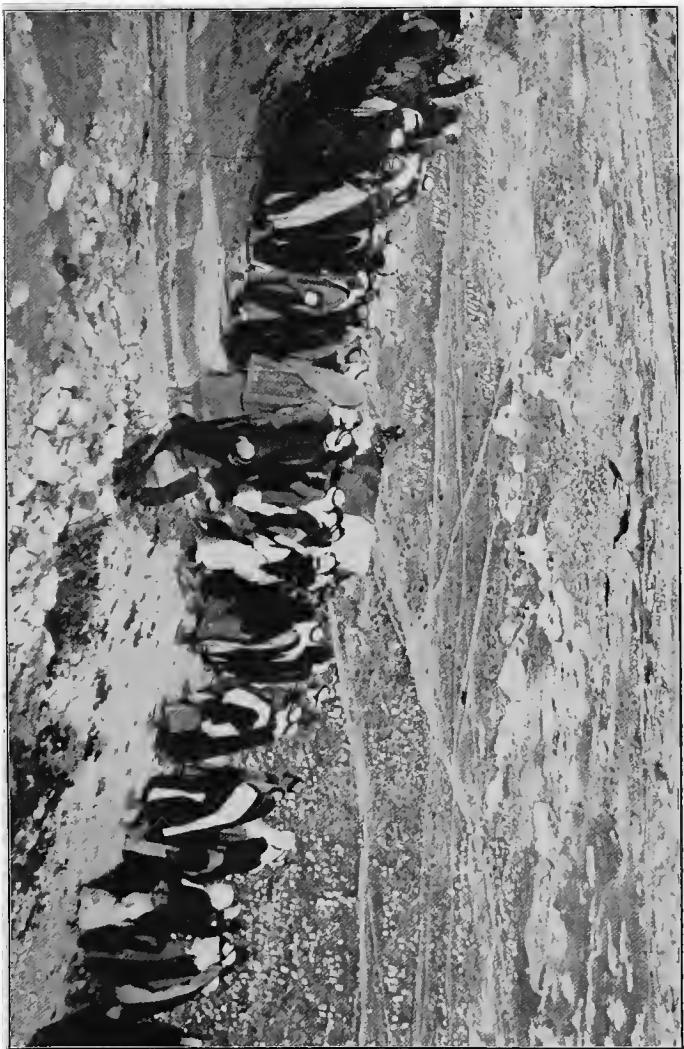
Karakash now released the mason, as he had released the owner of the house, and caused inquiry to be made for a woman who on a certain day passed the house in question, wearing the flowing red robe that had caused the accident. She was finally, with some difficulty, found and brought before the judgment-seat. "O lady," said the *qadi*, "do you know that the red robe you have been wearing caused the accident that happened to the carpenter, and that, therefore, you are liable for the damages?" "O my lord, the *qadi*," replied the woman, "it was not my fault, but the draper's, and he, if any one, ought to be made to suffer. "How so?" asked the judge. "Because," she explained, "when I went to his shop to buy stuff for a garment, he had none but that of which I made the robe which caused the mischief. You see, therefore, that it is he who is guilty." "Of whom did you buy the cloth?" demanded Karakash. The woman gave the name of the tradesman, and then, at a gesture from the judge, departed.

It was now the turn of the draper to be arraigned. When he appeared in court he was asked whether he had sold to the woman just discharged the stuff of which she made her red robe, and, on his confession, informed that he would have to indemnify the carpenter for the injuries thus occasioned. He protested that he was not to be blamed for not having other stuffs; that he had ordered them of the English merchants who supplied him with

such goods; but that they, instead of filling his order, had sent him the wretched piece from which the red robe was made. He confirmed what he said by showing a copy of his order and the invoice for the goods actually received. The judge, however, enraged at the mention of the foreign merchants, exclaimed, "What! you rascal, do you not know that you are a traitor to your country? By your own confession you are dealing with the infidels, who enrich themselves at the expense of true believers. They live on an island and spend their time in making stuffs and penknives, which they send to our country to cause wounds and accidents. You are dangerous to the community." Then, turning to the executioner, who stood near him, he said, "Take him. Let him be hanged from the lintel of his own door, and all his property be confiscated." The draper pleaded for his life, but his prayers and his money (*bakhshish*) were alike useless. He was led away to execution, while the *ḳadi* having ordered a fresh pipe (*nargileh*), sat smoking, stroking his beard, and commending himself for the impartiality of his verdicts.

He had not finished his *nargileh*, however, before the executioner and his assistants reappeared. He stopped smoking and looked at them in astonishment. "Is the wretch already dead?" he asked. "Not yet," was the reply. "Why not?" demanded the *ḳadi*. "My lord," said the executioner, "you ordered me to hang him from the lintel of his own house." "Well, what of that?" "My lord, the draper is a very tall man, but the door of his house





A MOSLEM FUNERAL.



is so low that he has to stoop to get through it.” “Well,” exclaimed the kadi in a rage, “I never before heard of such a pack of fools. I will remit the confiscation of the fellow’s goods, but justice must be done at any cost. Off with you, and if he is too tall to be hanged, then hang the first short man you meet.”

#### THE WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE.

A rich miser had two nephews, who were anxiously waiting for the decease of their venerable relative in the hope of inheriting his property. Being lavish of the money they already had, the young men had made many friends who were anxious to see their expectations realized. For a long time the old man gave them no reason to expect his speedy dissolution; but finally he became visibly feebler and began to have fainting spells, which seemed to indicate that the end was approaching. Still he always revived, much to the disappointment of his worthy nephews.

Things went on in this way until the young men in desperation resolved to forestall the angel of death. Their plan was to take advantage of one of his fits and bury him before he recovered consciousness. The next time he swooned they put it into execution. They called the man whose business it was to attend to such matters, and directed him to prepare their uncle’s body for immediate burial. He began at once, but before he had finished his task the supposed corpse became alive.

Fortunately for the conspirators the old gentleman, when he came to himself and saw what was being done, was so frightened that he fainted again, thus giving them time to finish their preparations and get the procession, largely composed of hired mourners, started for the cemetery.

They were well on the way to their destination, with a prospect of reaching it without further incident, when suddenly the miser, again roused to consciousness by the motion of the coffin, as the bearers relieved one another, started up and began to cry for help. As he looked about he saw *Ḳarakash* and appealed to him for assistance. The judge stopped the procession and, addressing the chief mourners, called upon them to state whether their uncle was dead or alive. "Quite dead, my lord the *ḳadi*," was the answer. "And what do you say," he continued, turning to the bystanders, who had been bribed by the nephews in anticipation of such a contingency, "Is our friend, *Ḥajj Filan*, dead or alive?" "Quite dead, my lord, the *ḳadi*," they replied in perfect unison.

On hearing this verdict the poor miser made a second appeal to the judge, this time entreating him not to listen to the venal crowd, but to take the testimony of his own senses. "What?" was the stern response, "do you think that I will believe two persons in the face of the unanimous statement of this great multitude? I, indeed, think you are alive; but I can not trust my own opinion, for sometimes—in dreams, for example—I imagine people to be alive who are really dead. You also are liable

to the same mistake. There is less likelihood of error when many agree in the same assertion. The weight of evidence, therefore, is against us, and, in accordance with my determination to be strictly impartial in my decisions, I must pronounce you dead and order your friends to proceed with the funeral.” At this the old man fell into a third swoon and the usual rites were concluded without further interruption.



# LEGENDS OF SAINTS AND HEROES





## THE TREE OF THE CROSS.

FATHER ADAM was at the point of death. Being afraid to die, he sent the patriarch Seth to the gate of Paradise to beg the cherub on guard for a single fruit from the tree of life. The angel, on being approached with this request, replied that he could not grant it, but he plucked a branch with three twigs, which he instructed the messenger to give to his father. Seth returned with all speed, but not until Adam had died and been buried. He therefore planted the branch that he had brought with him at the head of his father's grave. There it took root and, age after age, added to its size and foliage. It survived the flood, but was afterward forgotten by the race until the time of Lot.

This patriarch, after the sins into which his daughters led him, was so cast down that he despaired of his salvation. He fasted and prayed, yet found no peace. Finally, however, the angel of the Lord appeared to him and instructed him to take a jar, fill it with water from the Jordan, carry it into the hill country, and water a sapling that he would find growing in a certain valley; assuring him that this little tree, if it throve, would be the means of procuring pardon, not only for him, but for all mankind. Lot went joyfully on his errand. He filled the jar from the rushing river and started for the

hills. When, however, he drew near the place where the Inn of the Good Samaritan (Khan Ḥadrur) now stands,—the weather was very hot and a sirocco was blowing—he found a Russian pilgrim<sup>21</sup> lying by the wayside, apparently dying of thirst. The patriarch's compassion being excited, he felt himself prompted to spare the perishing man a draught from his jar. He did not know that the supposed pilgrim was the Evil One, thus disguised for the purpose of rendering his labors futile. Such, however, was the fact. When, therefore, Lot handed him the jar, he put it to his lips and drained it at a single draught.

The patriarch was deeply grieved, but, without saying a word, returned to the Jordan and filled the jar a second time; and again, when he was well on his way with it, Satan, in the guise of another pilgrim, took advantage of his humanity and robbed him of the precious liquid. A third attempt to carry water to the thirsty tree was equally unsuccessful. Finally the patriarch, wearied with his efforts and discouraged by their failure, threw himself upon the ground and bewailed his unhappy fate. "If I do not relieve the suffering whom I meet," he complained, "I shall add another to the sins with which I am already burdened. On the other hand, if I give drink to all the thirsty who appeal to me, I shall not be able to supply with needed moisture the tree on which my salvation depends. Even now I am so completely exhausted that I can not take another step." At last he fell asleep, and while he slept the angel of the Lord appeared and explained



THE REGION OF KHAN HADUR.



to him who the supposed pilgrims he had succored really were; but added for his consolation that his unselfishness, though misdirected, had been accepted by the Almighty and his sins forgiven. Moreover, the heavenly messenger informed the patriarch that the tree had been watered by angelic hands. Lot died in peace, and the sapling grew into a great tree. Still, the Evil One did not cease to intrigue for its destruction. Finally, in the days of Solomon, he persuaded Hiram that it would be useful in the building of the temple. It was therefore cut down and the trunk brought to Jerusalem. Then the architect discovered that it was of a sort of wood unsuited to his purpose, and it was thrown into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, where it served as a foot-bridge between the city and the Mount of Olives.

The once stately tree was thus used for some years, or until the queen of Sheba paid her visit to Solomon. As she was approaching the city the precious character of the bridge before her was revealed to her. When, therefore, she came to it, instead of crossing, as she was expected to do, she refused to tread on it, even fell down and worshiped it. Solomon, who had come forth to meet her, was greatly surprised on seeing her prostrate herself; but when she told him whence the trunk came and the purpose it was destined to serve, he had it removed, carefully cleaned, and preserved in one of the treasure chambers of the temple. There it remained until it was required for the cross of our Savior. Any one who will take the pains to examine the bridge across the Kidron near Absalom's

Tomb, can see some of the large stones from the one with which Solomon replaced the trunk of the sacred tree. The spot where the tree grew is still shown at the Convent of the Cross a short distance west of Jerusalem.

#### THE MIGHTY MEN OF OLD.

The country about the headwaters of the Jordan used to be the kingdom of 'Uju 'bn 'Anak (Og, son of Anak); so, at least, once said a muleteer to the gentleman he was conducting through Palestine by way of introduction to some details concerning the giant which he gave the traveler.

'Uj, according to this authority, was a very, very tall man; so tall that, when the flood came, the water that drowned the rest of mankind reached only to his ankles. One day as he was standing on Jebel 'esh-Shaykh (Mt. Hermon), it occurred to him to step across the valley to the range of Lebanon. Acting on this impulse, he "put his best foot forward" and landed (!), not on the mountains, as he intended, but far on the other side of them in the Mediterranean. On another occasion, being attacked by fever and having stretched himself on the ground in the valley, his feet extended as far as the Sea of Huleh (Merom). While he lay there a company of muleteers passed on their way southward. When they reached his face he said to them: "I am too ill, as you see, to help myself. I pray you, therefore, for the love of 'Allah, that, when you reach my feet, you will drive away the mos-



THE CONVENT OF THE CROSS.





quitoes that are tormenting me and cover me at that end with my cloak'' ('*abayeh*').<sup>22</sup> The muleteers promised to do as he had requested; but when, later in the day, they came to the place where his feet lay, they found that the tormentors were not the insects common in that region, but a pack of jackals.

This 'Uj was a great blasphemer (*kafir*); but his impiety did not equal that of Nimrod, who went so far as to wish the rest of mankind to worship him as a god. He undertook to persuade them to do this by a very cunning piece of trickery. He secretly dipped some of his arrows in blood, to make them look as if they had been used with effect. Then he went before the people boasting that he was greater than 'Allah, and that he would slay their God before their eyes. As if to make good this claim he shot his arrows, one after another, heavenward. When they came back stained with blood, he said to the astonished multitude, "You see for yourselves that I have wounded 'Allah time after time with my arrows, while he has not been able to do me the slightest injury. Is it not, then, clear that I am greater than he and more worthy of your worship?"

The people, deceived by the cunning giant, finally consented to pay him homage. 'Allah, however, did not let his impiety go unpunished. The more clearly to show the greatness of His power, the Almighty employed the smallest of His creatures to humble the most arrogant. He commanded a sand-fly to enter one of the giant's nostrils and make its way to his brain. The insect obeyed and

tormented its victim night and day until he died. Toward the last his agony became so intense that he could obtain relief only by employing a man to beat him continually on the head with an iron hammer.

#### ABRAHAM AND THE ANIMALS.

The patriarch Abraham was severely persecuted by Nimrod, the king of the country where he was born and reared. One day the monarch threw him into a fiery oven, where he must have perished had not 'Allah delivered him. Now, when Nimrod found that he could do the patriarch no harm, he banished him from his dominions; but he had hardly issued the decree before he regretted that he had allowed him to escape, and sent a company of soldiers mounted on mules to recapture him. When Abraham, who was riding a donkey, saw the soldiers at a distance, he realized that, unless he abandoned his beast and found a hiding-place, there was no hope for him. He therefore dismounted and ran as fast as he could into the plain, leaving the donkey to the mercy of his pursuers.

After running some minutes he came upon a flock of goats and asked them for protection. They refused to listen to his appeal, and he was obliged to continue his flight. Finally he saw a flock of sheep which, when he made the same request of them, cheerfully undertook to help him. At their suggestion he threw himself on the ground, so that, by huddling together, they could completely hide him.



A FAT-TAILED SHEEP.



When, therefore, his pursuers reached the spot, they passed on without seeing him. To recompense the sheep for their kindness to him, Abraham asked 'Allah to give them the fat tails that now adorn them, concealing their uncomely parts. The goats, on the other hand, were cursed with shamefully short and erect tails, and the mules with barrenness, for having assisted the enemies of the friend of 'Allah.

#### THE ADVENTURES OF ABRAHAM.

One of the most sacred places in Palestine is the Haram at Hebron. Here, according to the tradition accepted by the Moslems as well as the Jews and Christians, lies the dust of the patriarchs. The greatest of these ancient worthies, especially in the minds of Moslems, is Abraham. It is therefore natural that around the name of "The Friend,"—*viz.*, of God,—as they call him,—there should have gathered a good deal of legendary material. The following account from the shaykh of the mosque at Hebron is an interesting mixture of such elements with others from the Old Testament.

Nimrod succeeded in persuading to worship him all the people of his time with one exception. This was Abraham, the friend of 'Allah, who, instead of allowing himself to be deceived like the rest, rebuked the blasphemer for his impiety. At this Nimrod became angry and caused Abraham to be thrown into a fiery furnace. 'Allah, however, came to the rescue by quenching the violence of the fire to such

an extent that the furnace became as delightful as a rose garden in spring, and the patriarch came forth unscathed.

Nimrod, finding his attempts to injure Abraham futile, became alarmed and besought him to leave the country. He finally did so by the direction of 'Allah, who commanded him to go to Mecca and build there a ḥaram. When he reached his destination, he received instructions first to offer his well beloved son Ishmael as a sacrifice on Jebel 'Arafat.<sup>23</sup> Satan took the occasion to seek to bring about a rupture between the patriarch and his Creator. To this end he went to Hagar and suggested that she dissuade her husband from performing so cruel a rite. She, however, at once seized a stone and hurled it at the tempter. Hence the name 'esh-Shayṭan 'er-Rajim (Satan, the stoned, *i. e.*, accursed).

When Abraham had completed the Ka'bah, he was directed to build another ḥaram at Jerusalem, and a third at Hebron. The first of these tasks having been finished, 'Allah appeared to him again and informed him that the place for the other structure would be indicated by a supernatural light over it at night. This is one version. Another is, that a strange camel was to appear, and Abraham was to follow it with his caravan until it lay down on the appointed spot. This time Satan succeeded in deceiving the wanderer so that he began to build at Ramat 'el-Khalil, a little east of the road, an hour's distance from Hebron; but, after he had laid a few courses, remains of which may still be seen, 'Allah

sent an angel to show him his mistake and tell him to proceed to Hebron and there purchase a site for the haram.

Now at that time Hebron was inhabited by Jews and Christians. The name of their patriarch was H̄abrun. Abraham paid him a visit and, after some conversation, told him that he wished to buy as much land as the sheepskin jacket he wore, when cut into pieces, would cover. H̄abrun, laughing, said, "I will sell you as much land as that; but you must pay for it four hundred dinars in gold, and each hundred must bear the stamp of a different sultan." The hour for afternoon prayer had now arrived; Abraham therefore asked permission to perform his devotions on the spot. The request being granted, he took off his jacket and spread it on the ground. Then, taking his place on it, he said his prayers, adding a petition that 'Allah would send him the sum required to pay for the land, since he himself had no money. When he arose and picked up the jacket, there lay four bags, each bag containing a hundred dinars in gold, and each hundred bearing the stamp of a different sultan, as had been stipulated.

There was now nothing to prevent the father of the faithful from closing the bargain with H̄abrun. He therefore, in the presence of forty witnesses, counted the money into the hand of the astonished patriarch. Then he proceeded to cut his jacket into strips with which to inclose the piece of land where the H̄aram 'el-Khalil and its dependencies now stand. H̄abrun protested, saying that he had not agreed

to the cutting of the garment; but Abraham appealed to the witnesses to the transaction, and they sustained him.

Habrun was so angry with his townsmen for deciding against him that he took them all to the top of the hill southwest of the city, where the ruins of Dayr 'el-Arba'in now lie, and there beheaded them. They were not to be silenced, however; for each head, as it rolled down the hill, cried loudly and distinctly, "The agreement was that the sheepskin jacket should be cut." Abraham, in return for their loyalty to the truth, took the corpses of the men and buried them, each on the spot where the head belonging to it had stopped rolling; and there their graves may be seen to this day.

#### THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM.

The Friend of 'Allah—on whom be peace—had obtained from his Maker the promise that he should not die until he himself should ask that his soul be separated from his body. Consequently, when the day came on which it had been predestined that he should die, since he had made no such request, the Almighty was obliged to resort to a stratagem to draw one from him.

Now, Abraham was celebrated for his hospitality. His greatest delight was in feeding the poor and destitute, especially strangers. One day, therefore, seeing a very aged man coming with slow and feeble steps toward his tent, he sent a servant with a donkey to his assistance. When they arrived,



Abraham gave the stranger a hearty welcome and placed before him a tempting meal. When the old man began to eat, his feebleness became more apparent than before. He seemed to have lost command of his hands. The first morsel, for example, he carried first to one of his eyes, and it was only on the second trial that he succeeded in putting it into his mouth. The next time he carried the food to one of his ears, etc.

Finally Abraham, who had been watching his movements with mingled surprise and sympathy, inquired, "What ails you, O shaykh?" "It is the feebleness of old age," said his guest. "How old are you?" again inquired Abraham. The old man mentioned an age just two years greater than that of his host. "What!" said Abraham, "Do you mean to say that, when I am two years older, I shall be in the condition in which you now are?" "Certainly," replied his guest. On hearing this the patriarch exclaimed, "O Lord, my God, I beseech Thee, take away my soul before I am reduced to so pitiful a state!" Hereupon the shaykh, who was none other than the angel of death, threw off his disguise and, leaping up, took the soul of Abraham and departed.<sup>24</sup>

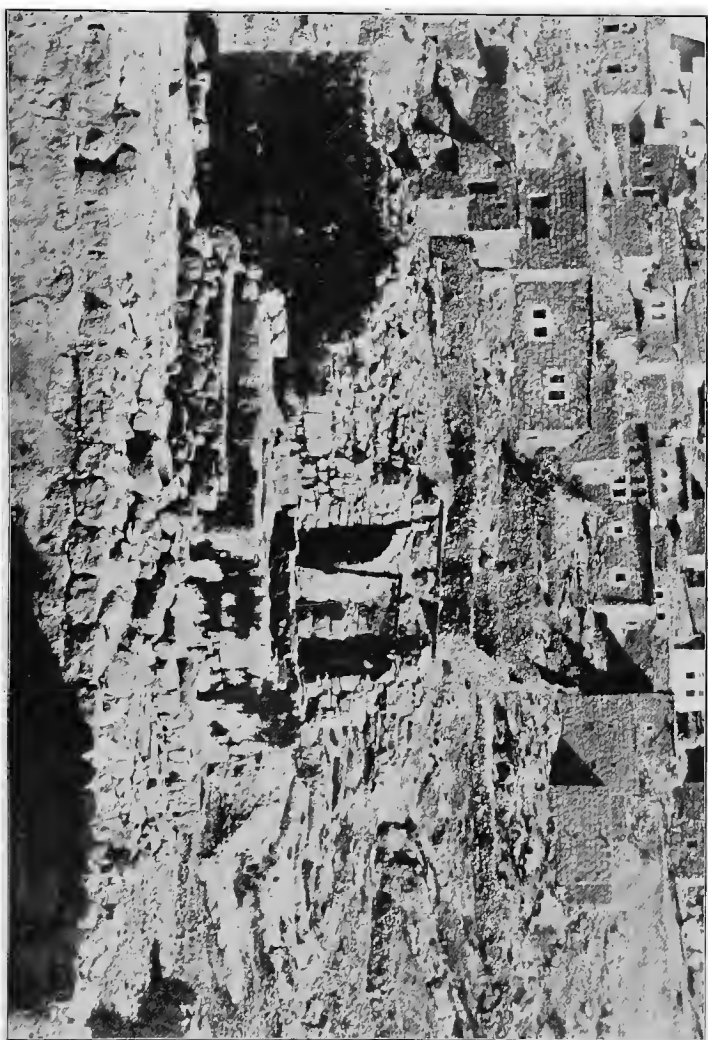
#### A VARIATION ON JOB.

The natives of Palestine are well acquainted with Job, whose name they have given to various objects in the country. There are at least two wells of Job. The best known is the one just below the

point at which the Valley of Hinnom joins that of Kidron, the most abundant and reliable source of potable water in the vicinity of the city of Jerusalem. A few steps north of this well, under the ledge of rock in which may still be seen the vats used by the fullers of antiquity,<sup>25</sup> is a small opening. It is the entrance to a cave which, the people say, was once the abode of the patriarch.

The legend concerning him makes him a Rumi (Greek). According to the same authority his wife's name was Raḥmeh (Mercy). It is she, and not her husband, who is pictured as the brightest example of patience in the history of mankind. Thus, for instance, when, a few years ago, a woman who was a Christian disagreed with her husband, and went to a priest for his advice and assistance in obtaining a divorce, the good man, instead of complying with her wishes, advised and exhorted her to imitate Job's wife. He then proceeded to give her the following particulars with reference to that saint's experience:

Her husband had, by the decree of the Almighty, been deprived of all his worldly possessions. Moreover, he had been smitten with ulcers so loathsome that, on account of the odor from them, nobody else would come within fifty yards of him. His wife, however, did not desert him in his poverty and affliction. She not only served him most devotedly, but, for seven years, carried him about on her back in an 'abayeh, begging their bread from door to door. Whenever she had to leave him, he would creep to a dunghill and, sitting there, beguile his



BIR 'EYYUB—'EN-ROGEL.



loneliness oy scratching the sores with which he was covered. On one of these occasions Satan appeared to her and offered to cure Job, if she would worship his Satanic Majesty. The faithful soul was sorely tempted, but withheld her consent until she could consult her husband. The patriarch, instead of being pleased with her devotion, was so angry with her for daring to think of yielding to such a temptation, that he swore that, if God would restore his health, he would punish her with a hundred lashes. The Almighty took him at his word, and not only cured the disease with which he had been afflicted, but returned to him all his property. By this time, however, Job, softened by the mercy bestowed upon him, began to regret his rash oath; still, he saw no way to escape its fulfillment. The angel of the Lord finally came to his relief. In obedience to the suggestion of the heavenly messenger the patriarch cut from a palm-tree a branch that had a hundred fronds, and, having given his wife one slight tap with this bulky but harmless instrument, declared the account discharged.<sup>26</sup>

#### MOSES' SHEPHERD.

There is a place near Mount Nebo called the Tomb of Moses' Shepherd. The man who was buried here, according to a current legend, was the one with whom Moses intrusted his sheep when he climbed the mountain to see the land he was not to enter. The shepherd, seeing that the prophet shrank from death, mocked him. At this Moses be-

came angry and said, "May you never die." When the shepherd had lived out his days, he swooned, and his friends, supposing that he was dead, buried him in the place described; but he did not remain in his grave. Indeed, he has never died. He is sometimes seen in the district about the Dead Sea, and on the desert slopes, and in the wadies bordering the Jordan as far north as the Sea of Tiberias. He is sometimes identified with 'el-Khudr, but this is a mistake. He is described as a very old and very tall man, covered with white hair, whose beard and nails are extremely long. He takes to flight when one attempts to approach him.

#### DAVID AND URIAH.

One of the most prominent objects in Jerusalem is the massive structure near the Jaffa Gate, called the Tower of David. The Moslems say that the king built it for a private oratory, and connect with it a curious version of the story of his sin against Uriah. This is it:

David used to divide his time into three equal portions, devoting one day to the service of 'Allah and the study of the holy books, the second to affairs of state, and the third to domestic concerns. One day, when he had been reading about the patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, he gave expression in prayer to a longing to be as beloved of 'Allah as they were. He even went so far as to ask to be exposed to temptations similar to those that they endured, that he might earn a like reward.



THE TOWER OF DAVID.



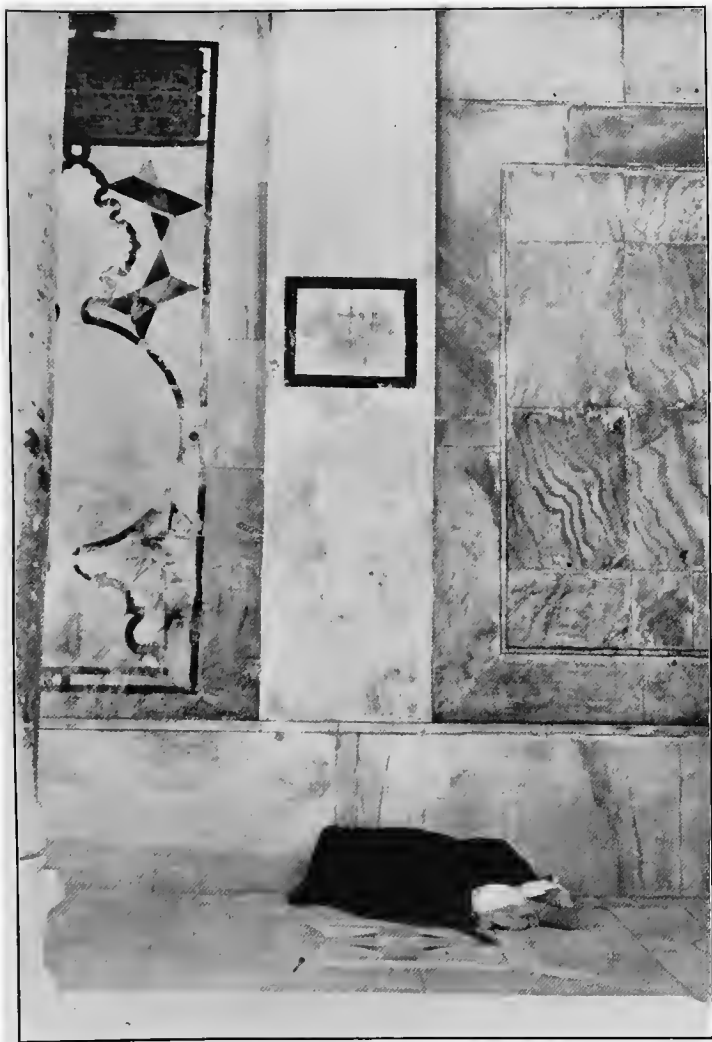


'Allah heard his prayer and sent a messenger to tell him that his petition should be granted. The angel was further instructed to inform the king that, because mankind had degenerated, and therefore were unable to support temptation with the same constancy as the saints of former days, the Almighty, in granting his request, had added, as a mark of favor which the ancient worthies had not received, this provision; *viz.*, that he should know the exact time when he was to be tested. He then named the date.

When the day for the trial arrived, David, full of joy, gratitude, and confidence, shut himself into his tower, giving orders that he was on no account to be disturbed. Once alone, he gave himself with all his heart to reading and meditation. Now, there were at that time, as there are at present, many pigeons flying about the tower, and presently the king was disturbed in his devotions by the flutter of wings. On looking up he saw just outside the window a bird of extraordinary beauty, its plumage gleaming as if of gold and silver studded with jewels. David threw some crumbs upon the floor; whereupon the pigeon came through the window and, alighting, picked up the crumbs about his feet, but eluded all his effort to catch it. At last, to escape him, it flew to the window and settled on one of the bars. He followed, and it took its departure. It was then, as he was still pursuing the bright creature with his eyes, that he caught sight of the wife of Uriah at her bath, and yielded to her charms.

A prophet was sent to rebuke David for his sin.

When he had fulfilled his mission, the king was so torn with remorse over his failure to resist the temptation 'Allah had sent him, that he wept day and night. Indeed, his tears flowed in such quantities that they filled both the Sultan's Pool and that of Hezekiah. Then the prophet who had reproved him returned, at 'Allah's command, to tell him that, in view of his contrition, the Almighty had forgiven the sin against Himself, but that for the offense against his fellow he must obtain pardon from the person injured. The king now made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Uriah, and there confessed that he had caused the brave man to be exposed to danger in battle, in order that he might be slain; for which crime he entreated forgiveness. In reply a voice from the tomb was heard, saying, "My lord, the king, since your deed has been the means of bringing me to Paradise I forgive you with all my heart your part in my death." "But," said David, "O Uriah, I committed the crime to obtain possession of your wife." To this there was no answer until David, in despair, besought 'Allah to persuade Uriah to forgive him. Then the soldier's voice was again heard, saying that he forgave the king, because for the injury done him on earth 'Allah had compensated him a thousand times in Paradise.



THE PETRIFIED BIRDS.



## AN INCORRIGIBLE BOASTER.

In the southern wall of the Kubbet 'eṣ-Ṣakhra, the mosque that now stands near the site of the ancient temple, on the right side of the door, as one enters, there is a gray slab framed in marble of a darker color. It is the border that first attracts attention, but the inclosed slab only is remarkable. It contains a figure, formed by natural veins in the stone, which, though somewhat faint, is distinct enough to be taken for a picture of two doves perched facing each other on the edge of a vase. With this picture is connected a tale for which the guardians of the mosque decline to vouch, but in which many simple people find literal history. It runs as follows:

The great King Solomon understood the language of beasts, birds, and fishes, and, when he had occasion to do so, could converse with all of them. One day, soon after he had completed the temple, as he was standing at a window of the royal palace, he overheard a conversation between a pair of birds that were sitting on the housetop. Presently the male, who was evidently trying to impress the female with his importance, exclaimed: "Solomon is a conceited fool! Why should he be so vain of this pile of buildings that he has raised? I, if I wished, could kick them all over in a few minutes."

The king, greatly enraged by this pompous speech, summoned the offender into his presence and demanded what he meant by such an outrageous

boast. "Your majesty," replied the bird, "will, I am sure, forgive my audacity, when I explain that I was in the company of a female; since your majesty doubtless knows from experience that in such circumstances the temptation to boast is almost irresistible." The monarch, forgetting his anger in his amusement, said with a smile, "Go your way this time, but see that you do not repeat the offense;" and the bird, after a profound obeisance, flew away to rejoin his mate.

He had hardly alighted before the female, unable to repress her curiosity, eagerly inquired why he had been summoned to the palace. "O," said the impudent biped, "the king heard me tell you that, if I chose, I could kick down all his buildings in no time, and he sent for me to beg me not to do it." Solomon, who, of course, overheard this remark also, was so indignant at the incorrigible vanity of its author that he at once turned both birds into stone. They remain to this day a reminder of the familiar saying, "The peace of mankind consists in guarding the tongue."<sup>27</sup>

#### 'EL-KHUDR.

On the western side of the traditional Valley of Gihon (upper Hinnom), nearly opposite the Citadel, is the Greek convent of Mar Jiryis, or 'el-Khudr. The Moslems believe that, at the last great day, Christ will destroy Antichrist, and some of them maintain that this convent marks the spot where the latter is destined to perish. The question is



Mar Jureis,





one of interpretation. The place of final overthrow is described as near the gate of Ludd. Now, one would naturally understand this as meaning that the great conflict is to take place not far from the little village—in the New Testament Lydda—on the plain of Sharon, just north of Ramleh; and, as a matter of fact, the people of that vicinity claim to know the exact spot; *viz.*, the site of the well, Bir 'ez-Zebaḳ, near the huge sycamore, about half way between the two places above mentioned. Those who favor the site near Jerusalem base their contention on the alleged fact that what is now known as the Jaffa Gate was formerly called the Gate of Ludd.

The saint from whom the convent in question takes its name is a favorite in Palestine. In the popular hagiology he is represented as an ancient worthy who, by God's decree, discovered the fountain of eternal youth.<sup>28</sup> Having been permitted to drink of its waters, he does not die, but disappears, only to reappear from time to time as a sort of avatâr, or reincarnation of Providence, to right the more monstrous forms of wrong. He is identified with Phinehas, son of Eleazar, with the Prophet Elijah, and, as in the name of the convent, with St. George. Jewish mothers, when startled by the appearance of danger to themselves or their children, invoke him as "Elijah the prophet" (*'Eliyahu 'en-nebi'*), while Christians cry out "O St. George" (*Ya mar Jiryis*), and Moslems, "O Khudr the green" (*Ya Kudhr 'el-'akhḍar*).

There are shrines to this saint under his various names all over the country. One of them near Solo-

mon's Pools is a sort of madhouse. Insane persons of all faiths are taken thither by their relatives and fastened with chains in the court of the chapel, where they are fed for forty days on bread and water, their keepers now and then reading the Gospel over them or administering a whipping, as their cases seem to demand. The result, as the prior of the establishment once naïvely informed some inquirers, is that the patient either recovers his reason or—dies under treatment.<sup>29</sup>

There is another center of the Khuḍr cult on the northern slope of Mt. Carmel, west of Haifa. The mention of this place recalls a curious case that came under the observation of a physician formerly connected with the Medical Mission at Jerusalem. One day there was brought to him a young Jewess suffering from a nervous affection which he pronounced curable, but only by steady and prolonged treatment. At his suggestion, therefore, the relatives of the girl agreed to leave her at the hospital; but, after a short time, they changed their minds and took her away in spite of his remonstrances. They said they were sure that she was not really ill, but under the influence of a *dibbuk*—i. e., an evil spirit that had fastened itself upon her<sup>30</sup>—and they proposed to give her the treatment most effectual in such cases.

Some months later the doctor met the girl on the street and, to his astonishment, found that she was completely restored to health. He asked her how the cure had been effected. She told him that her friends, on taking her from the hospital, had



'EL-KHUDE NEAR HAIFA.



sent her to Mt. Carmel, where, one night, she had been put into the cave of Elijah and kept there under lock and key until morning. On being left alone, she said, she lay down and presently fell asleep; but in the middle of the night she was wakened by a bright light shining all around her. Then she saw a venerable old man dressed in white, who came slowly toward her, saying as he did so, "Fear not, my daughter," laid a gentle hand on her head, and vanished. When she came to herself she found that her malady, too, had departed.<sup>31</sup>

#### ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

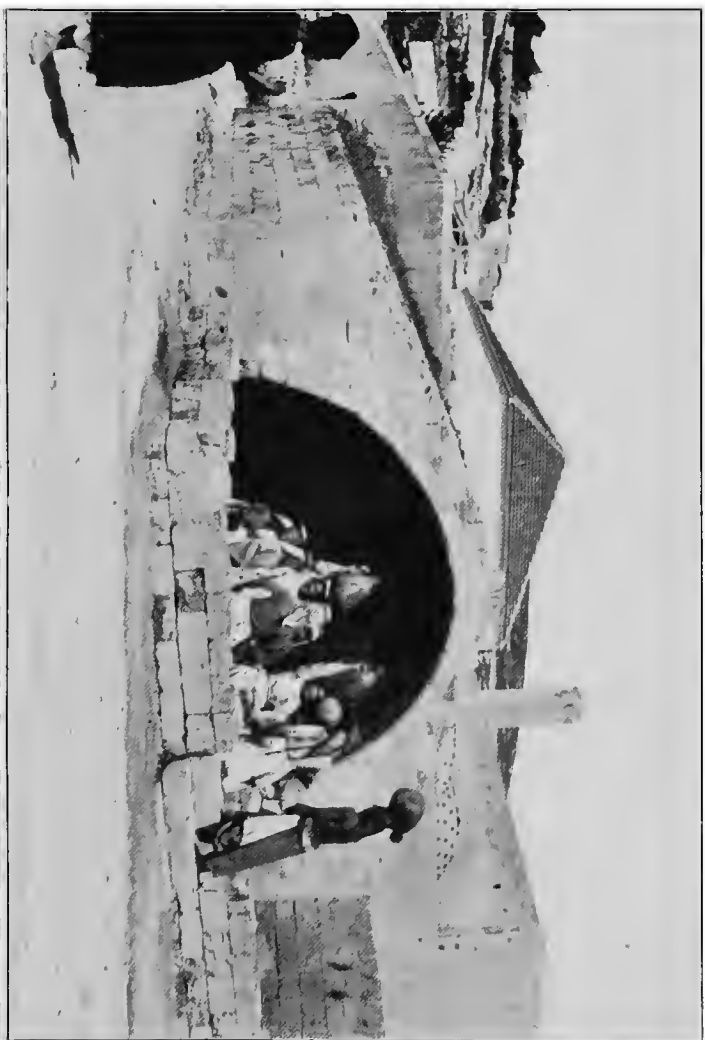
The story of St. George and the Dragon is, of course, well known in Palestine. The following is the form in which it is told by the Christians:

There was once a great city that depended for water upon a fountain situated outside the walls, to which the maidens went, according to the Oriental custom, every morning and evening to fetch a supply for their families. Now, in process of time a great dragon took possession of the fountain and, being moved thereto by the Evil One himself, refused to allow water to be taken except on condition that every time a youth or maiden be given him to devour. The people at first attempted to resist this demand and destroy the monster; but, although the strongest men in the city volunteered to bear arms against it, they failed, because its breath was so deadly that, before they came within bowshot, they were overcome thereby.

Finding resistance vain, the terror-stricken parents of the city were obliged to surrender their children, and thus, one by one, all the young people of the place were destroyed with one exception. The only daughter of the king, a beautiful maiden, and as virtuous as she was beautiful, had thus far been spared. At last, however, her turn came; and so great was the distress of his people that her heart-broken father consented to allow her to be exposed as a victim, and she went to her fate amid the tears and lamentations of the people, an object of pity and admiration.

“The people gathered, all, intent  
To see the princess as she went.”<sup>32</sup>

She passed out of the gate and drew near the fountain, where the dragon lay awaiting her. When, however, he was on the point of leaping upon his innocent prey, Mar Jiryis suddenly made his appearance clad in golden armor, riding a noble white horse and brandishing a formidable spear. He immediately attacked the monster, and with a single powerful thrust between the eyes stretched him lifeless on the ground. The king, in his gratitude for this unexpected event, bestowed upon Mar Jiryis, not only his daughter for a wife, but, in addition, half his kingdom.



THE SPRING AT NAZARETH.





## HAKIM RISTO.

In the winter of 1865-6, while a gentleman was lying ill at the German hospital at Jerusalem, he became acquainted with a peasant from Bethlehem who occupied the next bed. This man was suffering from some trouble with his leg which, it was feared, would necessitate its amputation. One day, while he was waiting for the decision of the doctors, he fell into conversation with his neighbor, in the course of which he said: "However learned and skillful the Frank doctors may be, all they know they owe to the great Hakim Risto, who, as all the world is aware, lived in the days of Dhu 'l-Karnayn (the Two-horned, *i. e.*, Alexander), and who was wiser than Solomon, in that he not only knew the language of every beast and bird, but wrote in books many things from which the hakims of our day learn how to cure diseases." The gentleman confessed his ignorance of the great physician. Thereupon the peasant replied: "Is it possible that you have never heard of the famous Hakim Risto? Well, then, if you care to hear it, I will tell you a story of him told me by our priest." He then narrated the following story:

A certain rich man was very ill. None of the doctors called to attend him were able to relieve him, but all agreed that he must die, because inside him there was a beast clutching at his heart and preventing it from beating as it should. Some said it was a serpent, others that it was something else;

but no one knew what would save the patient, whose last hour, they all asserted, was swiftly approaching.

When Ḥakim Risto, who had been summoned as a last resource, heard this opinion, he offered to try an experiment by which the patient might possibly be saved. Life is sweet. When, therefore, the man heard that there was still a chance for him, he agreed to submit to the operation. First, however, the ḳadi,<sup>35</sup> the mufti,<sup>35</sup> and the members of the city council were convened, in whose presence he signed and sealed a document to the effect that, since all the other doctors had declared that he must die, and Ḥakim Risto, by the operation proposed, offered him the possibility of recovery, he placed himself entirely in the hands of the said ḥakim; that if, as the result of the operation, he lived, it would be well, but if he died, it would be the will of 'Allah, and his death should not be laid to the charge of the said ḥakim, etc.

When, this document having been duly executed, the sick man had taken leave of his weeping friends and relatives and arranged his worldly affairs, the ḥakim summoned the other physicians to witness the operation; first, however, requiring them to swear that they would not through jealousy do aught to harm him or his patient. He then administered an anæsthetic, and, as soon as the sufferer became unconscious, proceeded to cut open his chest. In so doing he revealed an enormous crab fastened upon the patient's heart. The frightful creature had dug its claws into the flesh of the heart, thereby impeding its proper dilation and contraction, and great

streams of offensive matter flowed from the wounds thus caused.

On seeing this state of things, the doctors said to one another, "We now, indeed, see clearly enough the cause of the sickness, but how to remove the beast we can not imagine." "If any of you has a means to propose," said Risto, "in the name of 'Allah let him name it, and he shall give it trial.'" They replied, "We do not know how to remove the creature; for, if we use force, it will only dig its accursed claws the deeper into the heart, tearing it asunder, and the man will instantly die. Therefore, if you have a resource, show it to us, and we swear that we will become your faithful disciples."

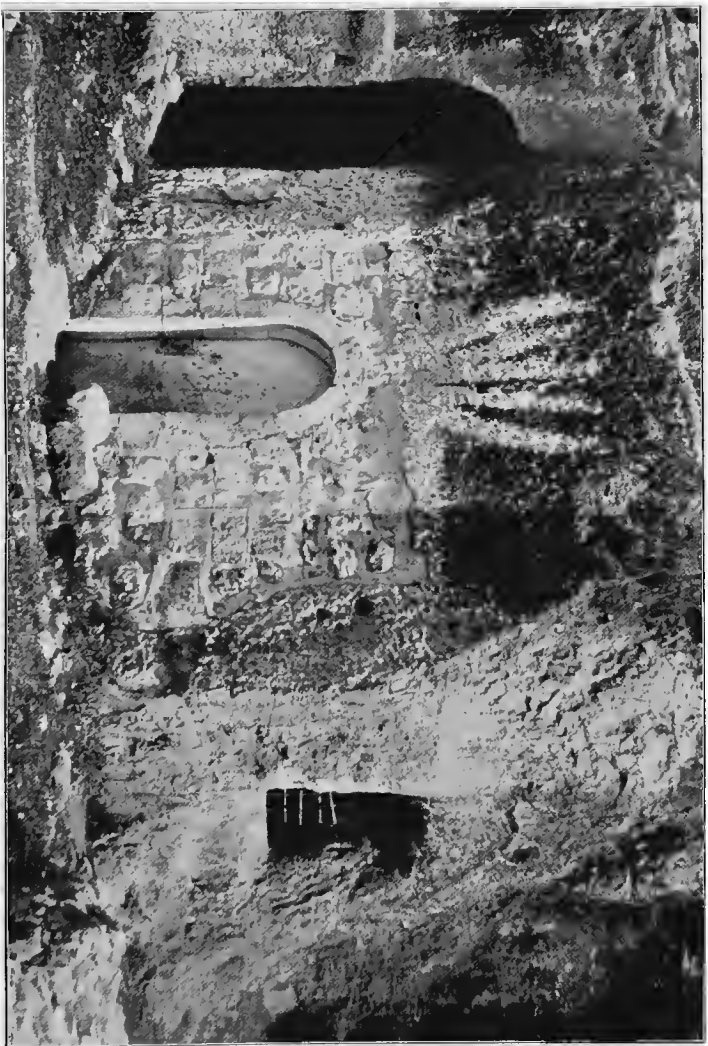
At this Risto bade one of them go with all speed to the Butchers' Street, and ask the keeper of the first shop to lend him one of the iron spits on which he broiled meat, promising that in due time it should be returned, and a reward with it. The others were directed to provide a brazier full of burning charcoal and some cotton wool. When the things ordered had all been brought, the great hakim wrapped a wet cloth about one end of the spit and held the other in the fire until it was red-hot. One of his assistants was told to be ready to lay a pad of cotton upon each wound as soon as the crab should lift its claws from them. When at length the spit was hot enough, the hakim touched one of the claws with it. The sudden pain caused the crab to let go its hold; whereupon the cotton was slipped into its place and the beast prevented from further lacerating that spot. In this way the claws were all loos-

ened, one after another, and then it was an easy matter to remove the creature altogether.

Risto now proceeded to clean the wounds, but, as he was on the point of using a silver spoon to remove the pus, he heard a voice from heaven saying, "Beware of touching the heart with metal." He therefore snatched up a bit of wood lying near him and quickly carved it into a spoon, with which he then cleaned the wounds. He next applied the proper ointments, and finally sewed up the opening in the man's chest so skillfully that in due time he became perfectly sound and lived for many years in the enjoyment of good health.<sup>33</sup>

# STORIES OF MODERN MIRACLES





THE TOMB OF SION THE JUST.





## AN ABUNDANT ANSWER.

IN the Valley of the Kidron, not far from the point north of Jerusalem where it is crossed by the road to Nabulus, is the rock-hewn tomb of Simon the Just, to which the Jews make pilgrimages on the thirty-third of 'Omer,<sup>34</sup> and on the Feast of Weeks seventeen days later. It is a favorite place of prayer, and, as such, is made the scene of the following story:

About two hundred years ago, when the venerable Rabbi Galanti was at the head of the Jewish community in Jerusalem, there came a year during which there was much distress on account of lack of rain and the consequent failure of the crops. The Christians in their churches, and the Moslems in their mosques, besought God to put an end to the drought, and the children of the Moslem schools marched in procession through and round the city, chanting prayers and passages from the Kuran; but in vain. The Jews also fasted and prayed for some time without result. The Almighty seemed to have forgotten them.

The time was ripe for a fanatical outbreak, and a Moslem took advantage of this fact by telling the pasha that 'Allah was withholding rain from the Holy City because the Jews were allowed to live in it. The governor accepted this explanation, and

at once sent word to the rabbi that, if within three days rain did not fall and relieve the common distress, all the Jews in the city would be expelled and their property confiscated.

There was great consternation among the Jews when this message was made public. The next two days they spent in almost continuous appeals to the divine compassion; still there was no sign of rain. When the third morning dawned, however, the rabbi sent word to his people that the men should put on their heaviest clothing and follow him to the tomb of Simon the Just, to return thanks for the torrents of rain that would fall before the close of the day.

On receiving this message some shook their heads, as if they were not sure that the rabbi had not gone mad; but no one disobeyed the summons. The Moslems were more demonstrative in their skepticism. As the procession passed out of the Damascus Gate, the officer and soldiers on guard derided them for being clad for winter, although the air was like summer and the sky like a brazen mirror. The Jews bent their heads and silently went their way.

Arrived at the tomb, they all soon came under the spell of the rabbi's faith and joined in thanksgiving for the expected blessing. Nor was it long delayed. Suddenly, and without warning, the clouds gathered and the rain began to descend in such abundance that, before they could reach the city, they were drenched to the skin in spite of the thickness of their clothing. The officer at the gate was so impressed by this miracle that he fell at the



THE THIRTY-THIRD OF 'OMER.



rabbi's feet and implored forgiveness for the rudeness of which he and his men had been guilty. The pasha, too, was awed into a more favorable attitude toward the Jews, and for a long time thereafter they were well treated by their fellow townsmen.

### THE PARALYZED ASSASSIN.

On the east side of Christian Street, opposite the Pool of Hezekiah, and supplied with water from this reservoir, is the so-called Bath of the Patriarch (Ḥammam el-Baṭrak). At the door of this bath, according to the Jews, was once wrought a notable miracle for their protection. This is the story they tell:

About two hundred years ago there lived at Jerusalem a Yemenite rabbi, whose name was Selim 'esh-Shelebi. He was a very learned man, and the head of the Jewish community. One day, as he was at his devotions, wearing, as is still the custom, the scarf (*tallith*) and the phylacteries (*tephilin*), the servant of the synagogue came in haste to tell him that the amount of water for his people at the Bath of the Patriarch was not sufficient to fulfill the rabbinical regulations, and that, unless the supply were increased, no Jews would bathe that day. On hearing this the rabbi cut short his prayers and started off to attend to the matter, in his hurry forgetting to lay aside the articles just mentioned. Now, although at that time nobody but a Moham-medan was permitted to wear anything green,

the rabbi's tallith had a stripe of that color. This caught the eye of a fanatical young Moslem who was standing near the door of the bath as the rabbi approached it, and he drew his dagger to avenge a fancied insult to his religion. He raised his hand, but he did not strike; for not only this member, but his whole body, was suddenly paralyzed, and he stood as rigid as a statue, while his intended victim escaped unharmed.

The rabbi, utterly unconscious of the danger he had escaped, went into the bath, arranged the matter that required his attention, and departed again without noticing the strange figure at the doorway. Others were not so preoccupied. They were surprised to see a man standing motionless in the public street with a drawn weapon. Some of them spoke to him, but got no answer. They shook him, and still he remained apparently lifeless. While they were thus engaged they learned from a bystander how the young man had, as was evidently the case, incurred the displeasure of heaven. They at once sent for the rabbi and, on his arrival, begged him to assist them. He at first refused on the ground that not he, but the Almighty, was the author of the infliction. At last, however, on being assured that, if he consented, no Jew should ever again be molested in the Holy City, in response to their continued entreaties he uttered a brief prayer and, turning to his assailant, commanded him to live and regain the power of speech and motion. The effect was immediate, and the young man, restored, fell at the rabbi's feet and implored his for-



CHRISTIAN STREET.





giveness. This incident had its natural result. Selim was feared as well as respected to the day of his death, and for many years thereafter no Jew had cause to complain of ill treatment from the Moslems of Jerusalem.

#### THE LOST DAGGER.

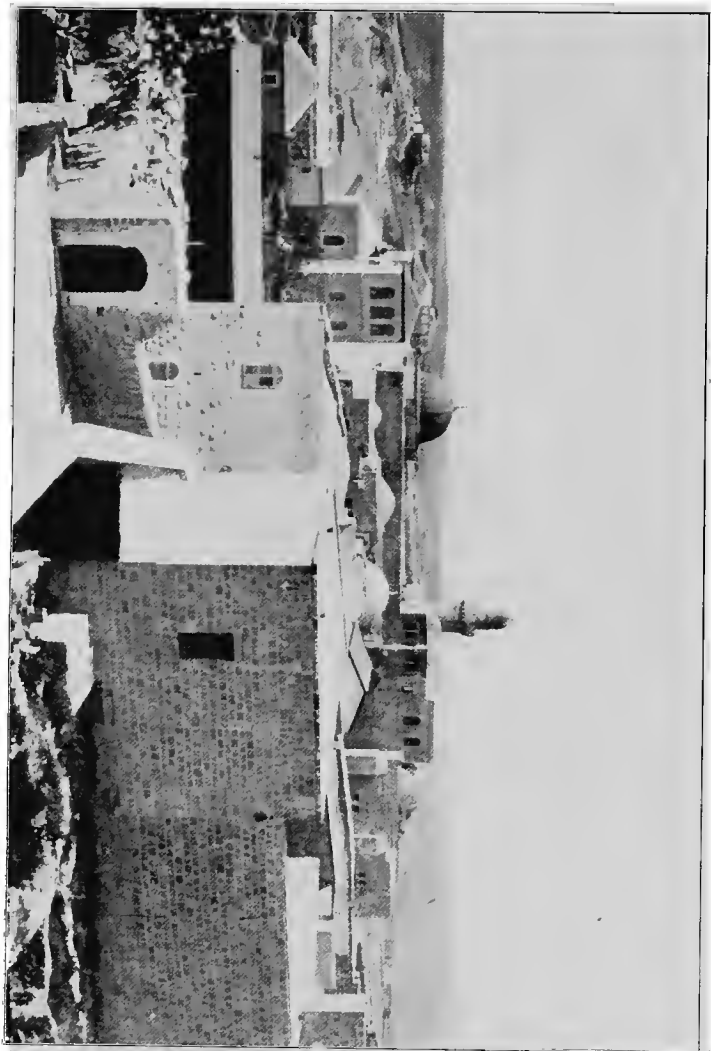
In the second story of one of the cluster of buildings called by the Moslems Nebi' Daud is a room, formerly part of a Christian church, which is traditionally identified with the upper chamber where Jesus met His disciples for the Last Supper. In the southeast corner of this so-called Cœnaculum is a short flight of steps leading up to another room, in which, through an opening in the door, one can see a richly draped coffin, said to be a reproduction of the actual sarcophagus of David in a vault underneath. One of the legends connected with the place runs as follows:

Two or three hundred years ago the then pasha of Jerusalem on one occasion, while at Nebi' Daud, became possessed with the desire to see the sepulcher of the great Hebrew king. With this intent he went into the room under the Cœnaculum, where there was an opening in the floor like the mouth of a cistern, and attempted to look into the vault below. While he was thus peering into the darkness a richly ornamented dagger slipped from his belt and fell into the supposed tomb. Being unwilling to lose so valuable a weapon, he had one of his attendants lowered by a rope into the vault to recover it. The man

was instructed to give a certain signal when he had found the dagger. His companions, after waiting some time without receiving any indication that he wished to return, became anxious for his safety and began to haul on the rope. They finally brought up his body, but it was lifeless. A second and a third attempt was made by men detailed for the purpose with the same fatal result.

The pasha finally declared that he must have his dagger, although the shaykh of Nebi' Daud himself had to risk his life to recover it. The latter promptly replied that it was evidently in vain for a Moslem to hope to descend into the tomb and return alive; but that, since, as was well known, the Jews were greatly favored by the prophet David, if the pasha would apply to the head of their community, the rabbi would doubtless send one of his people, who could make the descent without danger. The suggestion was adopted and a messenger at once dispatched with the pasha's commands.

When the rabbi received the message, he called the Jews together and exhorted them to fast and pray, that God might deliver them from the danger to which they were exposed—on the one hand from the fury of the Moslems, in case he disobeyed the pasha; and on the other from the anger of King David, whose tomb no one had ever entered to escape alive. He then sent to the pasha and asked for three days' grace in which to find a person for the venture. At the end of that length of time one of the community came forward and offered himself, hoping by his death to save his co-religionists.



NEBI DAUD.



Having prepared himself, not only by fasting and prayer, but by ablutions in the ceremonial bath, he proceeded to Nebi' Daud, accompanied by all the rest of the Jews of the city. On his arrival he was lowered into the sepulcher in the presence of the pasha, the *ḳadi*,<sup>35</sup> the *mufti*,<sup>35</sup> and other prominent Moham-medans. A minute later he called to those who had let him down to haul him up again. Presently he reappeared unharmed with the lost dagger and restored it to its astonished owner.

On being asked what he had seen, the man said that at first, as the place was dark, he had seen nothing, but that, on reaching the bottom of the vault, he had found standing before him a human figure of venerable and impressive aspect. It had a long white beard, and garments like sheets of shining lead, which showed distinctly against the surrounding gloom. This mysterious figure handed him the dagger as soon as his feet touched the floor, at the same time by a gesture commanding him to give the signal to be hoisted out of the vault.

It is hardly necessary to add that this incident made such an impression upon the Moslems that, for a long time, they not only refrained from oppressing the Jews of the city, but treated them with remarkable respect and consideration.

## A MIRACULOUS DELIVERANCE.

There is another story connected with Nebi' Daud. It relates to an old Jewish washerwoman who once lived at Jerusalem. She was a widow, and had to work very hard to earn her livelihood; but, being very pious, she never neglected any of her religious duties. Among others a shaykh of Nebi' Daud used to send his clothes to her to be washed. She had worked for him and his family many years, and he had always treated her with great apparent good will.

One day, when she went to Nebi' Daud to return some clothes that she had been washing, he offered to show her the sepulcher of David. The poor woman, not suspecting harm, replied that he could not do her a greater favor. At this he opened the door of the room under the Cœnaculum and told her to enter; but no sooner had she crossed the threshold than the treacherous Moslem closed the door and locked it, leaving her in total darkness. He then went to the kadi and reported that, having left the door of the tomb open for a few minutes to air it before sweeping the floor, a Jewish woman had slunk in, and he, catching sight of her, had closed and locked the door, that she might receive the punishment due to those who without warrant intrude upon sacred places.

The kadi, accompanied by the mufti and other Moslem officials, at once proceeded to Nebi' Daud for the purpose of punishing the offender for her

curiosity. When, however, the sacred chamber was opened, no trace of the woman was to be discovered. The shaykh was cross-examined, but he persisted in declaring that she was inside when he closed the door. Finally he was asked if he knew who the woman was. He replied that it was So-and-so, the washerwoman. "That," said one of the bystanders, "can not be, for it is scarcely a quarter of an hour since my servant, who had been sent to her with a bundle of clothes, returned and reported that he had found her hard at work in her own house." On hearing this the whole party set off for the home of the woman, and there, sure enough, they found her busied about her customary occupation. They asked her how long she had been thus engaged, and she told them that she had been at work since day-break. They inquired whether she had not left her house during that time, but she declared she had not, and, when they showed signs of incredulity, flew into such a furious passion that they were glad to beat a retreat.

The *ḵadi* and the mufti, being convinced by the woman's vehemence, at once arraigned the shaykh of Nebi' Daud for bringing a false accusation against her, and condemned him to be burned to death as a lying witness: which sentence was promptly executed.

The woman repeated to her own people the story she had told her Moslem inquisitors. When the rabbi interrogated her, she persisted in saying she had not left the house during the morning, and therefore could not have been near Nebi' Daud. In-

deed, it was many years before she confessed the truth in the matter. Then, as she lay on her death-bed, she called the principal members of the Jewish community together and related what had really happened. She said that the shaykh had locked her into the tomb just as he had testified, but that there had immediately appeared a rescuer, whom she described in much the same terms used of the apparition of the preceding story. The venerable shade bade her not to fear, but simply follow him. He then led her down into the bowels of the earth, and by winding subterranean passages to a door opening upon a dunghill in the Meidan. There he dismissed her with instructions to go home at once; fall to work on anything she could find to do, that, when people came to look for her, they might find her busy; and on no account to mention anything that had happened to her. How well she obeyed this injunction has already been narrated.

The Meidan, where the woman emerged from the passage by which she had been rescued, is in the Jewish quarter, on the northeastern brow of traditional Zion. The exact spot is said to be marked by a large stone lying near the middle of one of the few open spaces in that quarter.

#### A FRIEND IN NEED.

The Jews of Hebron are about as devout in their reverence for Abraham as the Mohammedans. Moreover, they believe that he sometimes, like Elijah, reappears to help his people when they are



in danger, and they give the following example of his benevolent interest in them:

In former times the Jews were often grievously oppressed by the Moslems, especially in the matter of taxes. This was the case about two hundred years ago, when a pasha was sent from Constantinople to collect the taxes in Palestine. After visiting other places he came to Hebron and encamped on the south side of the city, where the quarantine buildings now stand. Having pitched his tents, he sent word to the Jewish community that, unless within three days they raised for him a certain enormous sum, their quarter—which at that time, and until within thirty years, was separated from the rest of the city by gates securely bolted at night—would be exposed to riot and pillage.

Now, at that time the Jews of Hebron were extremely poor and really unable to pay a tenth of the amount levied upon them; but their protests were of no avail. The pasha repeated his demand, with added emphasis on the dreadful penalty of refusal, and the suppliants retired to fast and pray for deliverance. The day before the one on which they had to deliver the money they assembled for prayer in the synagogue, resolved to spend the night, if necessary, in supplication. They did, in fact, remain until midnight, when suddenly there was heard a loud knocking at one of the gates of the ghetto. Some of them went and timidly asked who it was that desired admittance. The reply was, “A friend” (*sahib=khalil*). Still they hesitated; whereupon the knocker, with a powerful thrust, ac-

tually pushed his hand through the door and placed a large bag in a hole in the adjoining wall. Then he disappeared before any one was able to recognize him. When the bag was examined, it was found to contain gold, and, indeed, the exact amount required to satisfy the demands of the pasha.

Naturally the first act of the astonished company, when they realized what had befallen them, was to join in thanksgiving to God for hearing their petition. Then, morning having dawned, they went in a body to the camp of the pasha and laid the money at his feet. On seeing the bag he became deadly pale and asked where the gold had been obtained. They told him the story of their mysterious visitor. He then, in his turn, told them that the bag had been his, and the money that it contained; but that in the night, although his tent was surrounded by guards, there had appeared to him a majestic old man clothed in glittering garments, who had threatened to kill him on the spot unless he gave him the bag and its contents. He was sure, he added, that it was no other than 'el-Khalil (The Friend), come to rescue the Jews from the danger that threatened them, and he humbly apologized for having wished to oppress them. He then dismissed them without further reference to the matter of the taxes. The Jews still show the hole in the wall where the bag of gold was deposited.

## ELIJAH AT ALEXANDRIA.

The patron saint of Palestine does not seem to be restricted in his helpfulness to that country. In 1882 it was related among the Jews of Jerusalem that, when the English bombarded Alexandria, there appeared among the Jews of that city a venerable man, who persuaded them all to take refuge in the ships outside the harbor; and that, after seeing them safely embarked, he suddenly vanished from their midst. When he had disappeared, they knew that they had had a visit from Elijah the prophet.

## THE TENTH MAN.

Among the group of Sephardic synagogues in the Jewish quarter there is shown a little chamber called the Synagogue of Elijah the Prophet. It is said to be so called because it was the scene of the following incident:

One Sabbath some four hundred years ago, when there were but few Jews in the city, it was found that there were not men enough present to form a legal congregation (*minyán*). Steps were taken to complete the required number, ten, but the efforts made proved ineffectual; only nine males could be collected. It seemed impossible, therefore, to hold the customary service, and those present were preparing to disperse, when suddenly a venerable stranger made his appearance, put on his *ṭallith*, and took his place with the others. At the close of

the service the rabbi in charge of the community, as he left the house, looked for the stranger, intending to invite him to the Sabbath meal; but he had disappeared. Nor was he ever seen again. It was like the prophet Elijah to appear in such an emergency; hence it was agreed that the mysterious tenth was no other than he.<sup>36</sup>

#### A CONTEST IN GENEROSITY.

On the hill mistakenly called Zion, outside Jerusalem, stands Bishop Gobat's School. It overlooks the bend in the valley of Hinnom just below the Sultan's Pool.<sup>37</sup> Under the northwest corner of the building is the rock-hewn base of a tower that once formed the southwest corner of the wall of the city. The flat top of it, say the guardians of the neighboring mosque of Nebi' Daud, was formerly—*i. e.*, before the erection of the school—used as a threshing-floor, and they connect with it a story illustrating the most popular of Oriental virtues, generosity. This is the way in which Shaykh Mahmud, now long dead, used to tell it:

In olden times there lived in the city twin brothers, who, as is usually the case with twins, were very fond of each other. When they grew to man's estate, one of them took a wife, who bore him several children, while the other remained single; but they still continued to live and work together, dividing between them equally the produce of a field in this vicinity.

One year, when they had threshed and winnowed



THE SYNAGOGUE OF ELIJAH.



a good crop, they divided the grain, as usual, into two equal heaps, which they expected to remove at once to the city; but night overtook them before they could make the transfer. They were therefore obliged to sleep here on the threshing-floor, lest some one should rob them of the fruits of their labor. In the night the unmarried brother awoke and began to soliloquize as follows: "My brother is a married man. He has a family of little children to provide for, and is burdened on their account with cares and anxieties to which, 'Allah be praised! I am a stranger. It is therefore not right that I should receive the same share of the produce of our field as he.'" Acting on this conviction he arose, took seven measures of grain from his own heap, and noiselessly transferred them to that of his unconscious brother. Then he wrapped himself again in his 'abayeh and resumed his slumbers.

A little later the married brother awoke and, as he lay thinking of the blessings he enjoyed, said to himself, "I am a married man. 'Allah has given me a good wife and four beautiful children, and with them joy and comfort to which my brother is a stranger. It is therefore not just that I should have as large a share of the produce of our field as he.'" Having come to this conclusion he, in his turn, arose, went to his heap, took seven measures from it, and poured them upon the other without awaking the sleeper.

The next morning, when they arose, the brothers were equally astonished to find that the heaps were still of the same size; but the mystery was explained

when 'Allah sent a saint (*weli*) to tell them that he had marked their disinterested affection, and that, as a token of his approval, his blessing would henceforth rest on the site of their threshing-floor.<sup>38</sup>

#### AN UNLAWFUL CURIOSITY.

The tomb of the patriarchs at Hebron is very carefully guarded. A Christian has seldom been admitted even to the court of the Ḥaram; and the Moslems themselves are forbidden to descend into the cavern below supposed to be the one called in Genesis "the cave of Machpelah." They say that, if any one should disobey this prohibition, he would do so at the peril of his life. In support of this statement they relate that, when Ibrahim Pasha took possession of Hebron, he undertook to force an entrance into the sepulcher, and actually had an opening made; but that, just as he was going to make use of it, he was taken seriously ill and carried from the place in a swoon. He never repeated the attempt.

#### A WONDERFUL CHAIN.

The Kūbbet 'es-Silseleh (Dome of the Chain), at the eastern entrance of the Kūbbet 'eṣ-Ṣakhra, they say, is so called because there used to hang from the center of its little dome a chain that was endowed with magical power. By it one could determine whether an oath was true or false, and in this way: When any one who intended to tell the





GUARDING THE GRAIN. •



truth reached for it he found it hanging low enough to be seized without inconvenience; but it withdrew itself and eluded the grasp of a would-be perjurer.

How long the chain retained this power tradition does not say, but there came a time when it ceased to manifest it. The change took place in connection with the following incident: A Jew had borrowed of a Moslem a large sum of money and promised to pay it on or before a certain date. When the stipulated period had elapsed, the Moslem expected and demanded payment according to contract. The Jew, however, refused to meet his obligation, because, as he said, he could swear that he had already returned the money. The angry creditor took him at his word and challenged him to make his statement at the Kūbbet 'es-Silseleh. The Jew readily accepted the challenge, and the two at once repaired to the place, followed, as is usual in such cases, by a crowd of voluntary witnesses. When they arrived, the Jew, handing a cane that he carried to the creditor and politely asking him to hold it during the ceremony, coolly stepped forward, took hold of the chain, and swore that he had indeed borrowed the money, as alleged, but that he had subsequently placed the amount to the last piaster in the hand of his friend. The Moslem was naturally greatly surprised and indignant, not so much that the Jew had sworn to a falsehood as that the chain had apparently indorsed it. In his vexation, as he advanced to take a counter oath, he dashed the cane that he had been holding upon the pavement. To the surprise and satisfaction of every-

body but the knavish debtor it broke as it fell, and out of it rolled the money over which the dispute had arisen.

This was the last case in which the chain was used as a test of truth and falsehood. Thenceforward it withdrew itself beyond the reach of either disputant.<sup>39</sup>

### DUMB DOGS.

In the northeast corner of the court in front of the entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher there is a bit of ornamentation on which the ecclesiastics who frequent the place seem to have exercised their imaginations. An Armenian priest is authority for the following legend concerning it: The figures are those of a pair of dogs. When they were whole, they possessed the power enjoyed by all the rest of the dogs of Jerusalem, the power to bark; but—what was more extraordinary—they never exercised it except when a Jew was passing. Therefore, when the city fell into the hands of the unbelievers, the Jews took the opportunity to mutilate the sculpture, and thus prevent these faithful guardians of the sacred precincts from performing their office.<sup>40</sup>



KUBBET 'ES-SILSELEH.



TALES EMBODYING POPULAR  
SUPERSTITIONS

iii





## THE ORIGIN OF THE JAN.

THE natives of Palestine have their ideas concerning, not only the nature, but the origin of the race of demons (*jan*) in whose existence they believe. The woman from 'Akur already mentioned gave the following account of them:

The Jan—the name of 'Allah be about us (*'Isma 'llah hawalayna*)—are men and women like ourselves. They are, in fact, our brothers and sisters. The only difference is that they live under the ground and wander about on its surface by night, while we live on the surface and practice our usual occupations by day. The truth is that our mother Hawwah (Eve)—on her be peace (*'Alayha 'es-salam*)—used to bear forty children at a time, but, being unable to nurse them all, she picked out the twenty that were goodliest and cast the other half away.

When our father Adam saw that she had only twenty, he used to ask her, "How is it that you have borne only twenty?" And she would answer, "They are all that 'Allah gave me." He, however, did not believe her. He therefore asked 'Allah to grant that, if any more than the twenty she was rearing had been born, they might dwell under the ground and roam over its surface when the sons of men were asleep. His prayer was heard, and this race of demons then began their existence.<sup>41</sup>

## A PLEDGE OF ILL LUCK.

The woman from whom the account of the origin of the jan was obtained had other things based on her own experience to say about them.<sup>42</sup> This is one of her stories:

The jan are envious of us men and women. They are therefore always on the lookout for opportunities to despoil us of our goods, and they succeed in doing it unless we say "Bismi 'llah" when we undertake anything. This has often been proven by experience. There is even now living at 'Ayn Karim a man who learned it to his sorrow.

This man has a very foolish and obstinate daughter, who, in spite of frequent warnings from her parents and neighbors, will not "name" (*sammy*). The father began to suffer from her neglect of this custom some time before he knew what was the matter. He was a man of substance, and brought home provisions, etc., in plenty; yet the blessing that he expected was denied him. Finally, in his perplexity and discouragement, he went to a great shaykh to inquire what was the reason.

The shaykh's first question was, "Whom have you in the house?" The man answered, "My wife and daughter." "Does your wife invoke the name of 'Allah?" The husband replied without hesitation, "I would not have married her if she had not done so." "Does your daughter also 'name?" "Alas!" said the father sadly, "she is foolish and obstinate, and we can not prevail upon her to ob-

serve this custom." "Then," said the shaykh, "tell your wife not to let her touch anything about the house or do anything in the way of domestic work so long as she stays with you, and get rid of her as soon as possible."

The father followed the shaykh's advice. The result was that his affairs at once took a turn for the better, and, as soon as he was able to dispose of his daughter in marriage, the demons ceased entirely to disturb his prosperity. His daughter's husband, an industrious and hitherto well-to-do young man, on the other hand, has not seen a lucky day since she entered his house. Indeed the couple have become so poor that they can hardly afford the oil to keep a lamp (*siraj*) burning through the night.<sup>43</sup>

#### AN UNWILLING HUSBAND.

The woman from 'Akur asserted, not only that the jan were men and women, but that they could, and sometimes did, enter into the relation of wedlock or concubinage with the more favored children of Adam; and she told a strange story in illustration of this statement.

There was a man of the village of 'Ushwah, near 'Artuf, who suddenly disappeared and remained absent about nine years. His friends supposed that he had been devoured by a hyena, but, when he finally returned, he told a very different story. It was at the time of the dhurah harvest, it seems, and he went, as the sun set, to the threshing-floor, to sleep there and protect the grain that had been

gathered from molestation. As he lay there alone in the middle of the night he was suddenly disturbed by the sound of approaching voices. Thinking it was the collector and his assistants coming to take the tithe, he lay perfectly still for fear of ill treatment. It was not "the Government" (*dawleh*), however, but a woman, who finally came and struck him smartly on the forehead. The blow brought him thoroughly to himself, but it left him so helpless that, when she ordered him to follow her, he dared not make any resistance.

The woman led the way for a while in silence; then she stopped and, turning upon her prisoner, told him that she expected him to regard her thenceforth as his wife. At this he rebelled, but when she informed him that her brothers had seen him following her, and would doubtless put him to death if she called them,—as she threatened to do if he resisted,—he yielded to her wishes. Immediately thereafter the brothers of whom she had spoken made their appearance and proved to be, not men like himself, but demons. Moreover, they informed him that he was now one of their number and must live as they did, becoming invisible to human sight.

He lived among the jan fully nine years, going with them on their forays to various villages and helping them in carrying off the goods of those who did not habitually invoke the name of 'Allah. He said, however, that they were always powerless to harm people who "named" before undertaking any task or opening a vessel containing provisions, provender, etc.

Finally he managed to escape and return to the haunts of his own kind. The manner of his escape was as follows: He was passing the night with the jan in a certain ruin, on one of whose walls grew great quantities of rue (*fayjan*). Noticing that his companions kept as far as possible from this wall, he felt attracted toward it. When, however, his wife saw what he was doing, she shrieked out in great terror, "O do not go near the wall! do not touch the plant! or I shall lose you." He no sooner heard this than he saw that he had found a weapon with which to free himself, and, before the jan could prevent it, he rushed forward and plucked a whole handful of the dreaded plant. In a moment the demons had vanished and he found himself at liberty to return to his family. Since that time we have been very careful to "name" and, whenever we have found it, to gather this herb<sup>44</sup> and keep it in our houses.

#### THE MAGICAL NAME.

"The name of 'Allah be about us" (*'Isma 'Ulah hawalayna*)! This is what the pious Moslem must always say when he or she mentions those strange and dreadful beings, the jan and the 'afarit,<sup>45</sup> who live in caves, wells, and other subterranean places. No God-fearing man will commence a day's work, or any important part of it, without first invoking the name of 'Allah, "the merciful, the compassionate." The women, if they make any pretense of respectability, are equally scrupulous. A housewife will not take a handful of flour from a sack or other vessel

without calling upon the Almighty. It is said that young men seeking wives, if they are at all inclined to be religious, take pains to inquire quietly of the neighbors or acquaintances whether the girls who may have attracted their attention "name" the name of 'Allah at their work. It is a very serious thing for anybody to neglect this precaution, since the beings mentioned are extremely malicious, and have the power to do no end of harm unless one seek and secure the protection of the Almighty; how serious will appear from the following story:

A very respectable young man married a virtuous and industrious girl from a good family. The young people loved each other, worked hard, and denied themselves everything unnecessary; and yet they did not prosper. One thing that hindered them was that something was always disappearing in the most unexpected and mysterious way from their premises; disappearing under circumstances that made it pretty clear that they could not always have been carried off by human agency.

One night, before retiring to rest, the young wife placed beside the mill a little sack of wheat, which she intended to grind for bread early the next morning. When she arose, long before break of day, to begin her task, the wheat and the mill had both disappeared. That night the husband, after feeding his horse, carefully locked the stable and slept with the key under his pillow. The next morning, when he unlocked the door, the stable was empty.

The good couple were greatly disturbed and embarrassed by these repeated losses. The husband

was inclined to believe that after all it was human thieves who had stolen his horse. He therefore set off on foot to visit the towns of the neighborhood in which cattle markets were held, in the hope of finding the animal. His search was in vain. At last he concluded that Arabs from the Belka, by the use of a false key, had gotten into his stable. He could not, however, explain to himself why, if this was the case, the thieves had taken the trouble to lock the door behind them. Still, as he did not know where else to look, he started for the country east of the Jordan.

Toward the end of the first day he found himself at the entrance to a long, narrow valley, the sides of which were honeycombed with caverns. The sun set and, as is always the case in Palestine, darkness came on apace. Knowing that there was no village within miles of him, he was agreeably surprised to see a light gleaming from one of the caves. He at once concluded that a company of shepherds, charcoal-burners, or, perhaps, camel-drivers were spending the night there, and quickened his pace, confident of a hearty reception into their circle. What were his astonishment and consternation, therefore, on reaching the cave, to find it filled with jan who had taken up their abode in it! Being afraid to beat a retreat, lest he should offend them, he made the best of a delicate situation by saluting them with as firm and cheerful a voice as he could muster. They returned his greeting with courtesy, using the familiar expression of welcome (*'ahla wa-sahla, wa-merhabah*), adding the customary assurance that

all he saw about him was his. Since these were forms that he would have used under similar circumstances, he did not at the time attach any special significance to them. Indeed he had no time for reflection, for some of the jan at once began to question him concerning his mission in those parts. He told them of his loss and where he was going to seek the stolen horse. "O," said one of them, "you need not go to the Belka in search of him; for it so happens that we have him here, and, if you wish, we will produce him." The young man, much as he desired to recover the animal, hesitated a moment to express himself to this effect, fearing that the jan were making sport of him, or, perhaps, seeking an excuse for falling upon him. Finally, however, he mustered the courage humbly to beg that they would make good their offer. To his surprise the horse was at once brought and delivered into his hands.

The young man, still ill at ease in the presence of his uncanny hosts, would now gladly have mounted his beast and, dark as it was, started on his homeward journey; but they invited him to spend the night with them, and he feared that it would offend them if he declined their invitation. He therefore tethered the horse and accepted their hospitality.

For his supper the jan brought him a dish of rice and lentils (*'imjederah*), of which they urged him to partake. He did so, and, after the meal, thanked his hosts, using the customary formula.<sup>46</sup> They replied, "We have already told you that all



you see here is yours.” The young man now be-thought him to look around, and, sure enough, many of the articles in the cave strongly resembled pieces of property that had disappeared from his house. Still, he did not dare claim them. The next morning, therefore, when, at daybreak, he started for home, he took only the horse with him; but he was so thankful to have recovered him and escaped with a whole skin that he gave no further thought to the rest.

The young husband met with a joyful welcome from his wife. She was glad to see him, and her joy was increased by the fact that he had brought the horse back with him. When he intimated that he was hungry, she brought him a dish of 'imjederah, explaining, as she did so, that she had cooked it the day before, but, not being hungry herself, had set it away against his return. Saying this she proceeded to uncover the dish. She had no sooner caught sight of the inside of it than she started with surprise and exclaimed, “What is this? When I set the dish away it was full and closely covered; and yet, as you see, somebody or something has eaten a good share of its contents. It can not have been the cat, for, although she might have removed the cover, she could hardly have put it on again.” The husband himself was at first somewhat startled, but, on examining the dish and finding that it was the very one from which he had eaten the night before, he began to understand his recent experiences. “My dear wife,” said he, “I have discovered the secret of our misfortunes. It is that we have neg-

lected a good old custom of our fathers, that of 'naming.' Our goods have not been carried off by men, but by demons, and all because we have not protected ourselves by invoking the name of 'Allah, as we should have done, while we were at work.' It is needless to add that from that day the pair were more careful to ask for the divine blessing on their undertakings. In this way they not only prevented further losses, but recovered the things that had previously disappeared, and henceforward enjoyed to a remarkable degree the favor of the Almighty.

#### MODESTY AND AVARICE.

It is important to speak courteously to the jan. On entering an empty room, a cellar, or any other dark place, one should always say "permission" (*dustur*). When one is carrying fire, one must warn the spirits out of the way, lest they be burned; also when one is carrying water, lest they be wet with it. The best way, however, is constantly to call upon 'Allah. Foreigners are often shocked at the frequency with which Orientals use the name of the Deity, thinking that they are breaking the third commandment. As a matter of fact they are merely following a practice the object of which is protection against the powers of evil; although many of them, of course, do not always realize the meaning of the custom. The difference it makes whether one "names" or not is illustrated by the following story:

There was once an honest and God-fearing

woman whose husband was extremely poor; so poor that, when the only knife they had was accidentally broken, she was not able to buy another. The good woman naturally suffered constant inconvenience for want of this simple, but necessary utensil. One day, when her husband brought her the liver and lights of a sheep and gave them to her to cook, she felt the need of a knife so keenly that she went to a neighbor (some say it was her own sister) whose husband was very wealthy in lands, and houses, and slaves, and cattle, and begged her for the loan of one of hers. The other, however, though wealthy, was so stingy and cruel that she refused to grant the request.

The poor woman went home grieved and angry to prepare her dinner as best she could. Not having a knife, she was obliged to tear the raw flesh asunder with her teeth and nails. In her vexation over the matter she forgot to "name," as she had always been accustomed to do. The jan were prompt to take advantage of the omission. A whirlwind, arising suddenly, swept her off her feet and down through a crack that had opened in the floor of her dwelling. When she finally came to a stop and recovered her senses enough to observe her surroundings, she found herself in a large and well-furnished room, the only other occupant of which was a beautiful Angora cat. The woman approached the creature, which was evidently soon to give birth to a litter of kittens, and exclaimed, "The mention of 'Allah be upon you.'<sup>47</sup> 'Allah grant that you may be restored to health." The cat seemed to under-

stand what had been said, showing her pleasure by purring and rubbing herself against the woman's clothes. These greetings had hardly been completed when voices were heard and other indications that several persons were approaching. Thereupon the cat said in Arabic, "Get under yonder chair and fear nothing." The woman did as she had been directed, reaching her hiding-place just as a large party of demons entered the room. They at once began to sniff about, saying, "I smell a human being. If it is an old man, he is our father; if an old woman, she is our mother. If it is a young man or boy, he is our brother; if a young woman or girl, she is our sister. Show yourself. Fear nothing. You are perfectly safe; for we honor our guests."

On hearing these comforting assurances the woman came forth and courteously saluted the assembled demons, who treated her with the greatest respect and set refreshments before her. Being still ill at ease, she partook very sparingly of them and, after a decent interval, politely asked permission to return to her home. The jan now called the wind that brought her there, for it also was one of their number, and asked, "Did this woman come hither of her own free will, or was she brought by violence?" The wind answered, "By violence, because in a moment of trouble and vexation she had forgotten to 'name.' " "In that case," said the chief of the jan, "she may return to her home." Now the woman wore under her gown (*kumbaz*) the trousers (*libas*), worn by women in the East. Before she was permitted to go the demons asked

her to loosen this latter garment, and, when she had done so, filled it with what seemed to the wearer onion peels; then they bade her fasten it firmly again about her waist. When she had thus readjusted her clothing, they again summoned the whirlwind, and it whisked her back, encumbered as she was, to her own house.

While the woman was in transit she hardly felt any weight in the contents of her libas, but, as soon as she was set down at home, it became so heavy that she made haste to rid herself of it. What was her surprise and pleasure, on removing her garment and emptying it, to find that the supposed onion peels were nothing less than pieces of honest gold. Being a wise, as well as a pious woman, she did not make any outcry over her good fortune, and thus attract the attention of the neighbors, but carefully put the money away and kept the secret of its possession for her husband. When he came home at night, she told him her story and showed him the treasure that had fallen to them. They agreed to keep their own counsel and to prevent suspicion of the source of their wealth by turning the money gradually into land, cattle, and other things. The result of this policy was to foster the opinion that their prosperity was the reward of their industry and economy.

There was one of their neighbors, however,—the one that refused to lend her knife,—who was not satisfied with this explanation. She therefore took occasion to visit the now happy housewife for the purpose of learning the real secret of the blessings

she was enjoying, and she gave her no peace until she had succeeded. Her next step was to try the experiment of imitating as closely as possible the course by which her neighbor had invited the interference of the jan. When her husband, at her request, brought her the liver and lights of a sheep, she also, although she had knives in plenty, tore them asunder with her teeth and nails, at the same time taking pains not to "name" as she would naturally have done under other circumstances. The result was the same as in the other case. She was hurried away by the same wind to the same room in the bowels of the earth. She did not, however, behave in the modest, gentle manner of the other woman. She abused the cat, and even went so far as to vent her ill-temper in a wish that the harmless animal might not live to see her kittens. When, from her hiding-place under the chair, she heard the jan assuring her of her safety, she came forth, but rudely neglected to salute them. She ate of the food set before her with greediness, and finally, when she had finished her meal, expressed her wish to be sent home in a tone that was anything but polite.

The jan, seemingly unmoved by her rudeness, called the wind that had brought her and asked whether she had come of her own free will or been carried off by violence. The answer was that she had come of her own free will, having purposely neglected to "name." Thereupon her libas was filled with what she took to be pieces of gold. When she reached her home, however, and, after carefully

closing all the doors and windows, removed the garment, she found it full of spiders, scorpions, and centipedes, which speedily put an end to her existence.

#### AMBIGUOUS NAMES.

It is sometimes very dangerous to call on an animal without at the same time pointing at the object intended. The reason for this is that many of the demons have the names of animals, Fox, Wolf, Camel, etc., and, if the name is called without the accompanying gesture, it is understood that it is the demon who is summoned, and he will take advantage of the mistake to do the caller harm. The following story is told to illustrate what may be the result in such a case:

A young fellahah was one day so belated with her work that she did not set about the kneading of her bread until toward evening. Consequently, when she finally had it ready, it had become so dark that she was afraid to carry it to the oven (*ṭabun*) on the outskirts of her village. She told her husband that she was afraid to go alone and begged him to accompany her. He refused to do so, making light of her fears and asking her if she thought the he-goat that was tied in the yard would devour her.

When she finally of necessity started alone, he called after her, "Take her, O he-goat! Take her!" He had no idea that any harm would befall her. He was therefore greatly surprised that, when she ought to have returned, she did not make her appearance. He went out to the *ṭabun* himself to look

for her, but she was nowhere to be seen. He inquired at every house in the village without result. No one could give him the least information concerning her. He searched for her in the neighborhood all night, and the next day visited the surrounding villages; but, when he returned to his deserted home, he was no wiser than he had been when he started. If he had had any reason to suspect his wife of unfaithfulness, he might have thought that she had eloped with another man; but he was deeply attached to her, and he knew that she returned his affection. He was finally forced to confess to himself and his neighbors that he had not the slightest idea where she was or why she had left him.

At last one day, as he was plowing in his field, an old derwish came his way. The two saluted each other and fell into conversation. The peasant, being full of his trouble, told the story of his wife's disappearance. The ascetic replied by asking, "How much will you give me, if I will tell you how to recover her?" "This yoke of cattle," said the peasant with eagerness. "I have no use for such a gift," said the derwish. "Give me something to eat, and I shall be satisfied."

The grateful husband at once took the old man home and set before him the best that he could provide. He then waited until his guest had finished his meal. When it was done, however, he lost no time in reminding him of his promise. "I am certain," the derwish began, "that your good wife was neither carried off nor enticed away by any human being. You yourself, by your thoughtless jest, un-





OYENS OUTSIDE JEDA.



consciously handed her over to "the evil spirits." He then advised the peasant to be at a certain cave in a certain valley, where the jan of the region had their rendezvous, just as darkness fell that evening, and, as soon as he saw the place lighted, to enter boldly and demand the return of his wife of those whom he found present.

The peasant acted according to instructions. When night came he was near the cave that had been described to him, and, as soon as he saw the first glimmer of a light proceeding from it, he commended himself to 'Allah and entered. In the cave he found the king of the jan and his assembled court. He lost no time in making his errand known. "Give me back my wife," he said with all the boldness he could muster. To his surprise the king did not seem offended by his impetuosity, but coolly inquired of his assembled subjects whether any one among them knew anything about the woman. One of them said he did, and told where she was at that moment. Then said the king, "O Horse, how long will it take you to fetch her?" "It is a long journey, sire," replied the demon thus addressed, "and I should need three months for the trip." "How long will it take you, O Wind?" again inquired the leader, turning to another follower. "It is a long journey, your majesty," answered Wind, "and I could hardly do it in less than three weeks."

In this way the demons bearing the names of the various animals or elements were interrogated, one after another, and each named the time, sometimes longer and sometimes shorter, within which he

thought he could accomplish the proposed mission. Finally the king said to the peasant, "Tell us the circumstances under which you lost your wife, and the last words you said to her." The bereaved husband then confessed that he had thoughtlessly delivered his wife into the power of He-goat. On hearing this the king, addressing the demon who answered to this name, ordered him to produce the woman forthwith. The command was obeyed, and thus the couple were reunited. They lived together thereafter for many years, but to the day of her death the woman did not dare to leave her house without her husband, unless she had invoked the protection of 'Allah.

#### A TIMELY GRACE.

A shepherd one day led his flock to an out-of-the-way place where there were many caves. In the evening he gather the sheep into one of these caves, and, after closing the entrance to it with large stones, himself went to rest in a smaller one a few rods distant. In the night he awoke to find that he was not alone, that, in fact, a large company of jan had taken quarters with him. Being afraid to offend them, and at the same time curious to know more about them, he lay with half-closed eyes, pretending to be asleep, that he might watch their movements as well as listen to their conversation.

After a little their leader sent several of the party to procure provisions. They returned in a much shorter time than it would take a mortal to

make a trip to the nearest village, bringing with them various kinds of food in great abundance. Some of it was cooked and ready for use; but some of it, such as flour, rice, lentils, and pickled olives, had evidently been taken from storehouses and magazines.

Among the rest was a large tray of baklaweh.<sup>48</sup> Around it gathered the whole party, each eager for his portion. At this point one of the demons, a young female, suggested that they wake the sleeper and invite him to share their supper. The others demurred, objecting that he might ask a blessing upon the food, and thus oblige them to scatter and abandon all that they had collected from the houses of people who were not accustomed to invoke the divine name. "What we will do," said they, "is this: We will place a generous portion on a plate by his side, so that he may have it to eat when he awakes. We shall have gone before that time, and his blessing, if he asks one, will be harmless."

By this time the shepherd had decided upon the course that he should pursue. He kept silence, however, until the demons had begun to eat and apparently forgotten him. Then he suddenly broke into an invocation of 'Allah. At the mention of the divine name the whole company, with a weird scream, disappeared. The shepherd lay until daylight, and then arose to find the cave stocked with provisions enough to last his family a year. It is needless to add that he accepted them as a gift of 'Allah, and as soon as possible had them stored under his own roof.

## A JINNI'S HOSPITALITY.

A native milkman before measuring some milk to a customer took pains to invoke the name of 'Allah. The customer asked him why he did so. "O," he replied, "it is always best to 'name.' We never fail to do so before putting our hands into a vessel or undertaking work of any sort." Said the customer, "I agree with you that we ought always to ask God to bless anything we undertake; but what would happen, if you should omit this precaution?" "We should fall into the hands of the jan," answered the peasant with conviction. When asked in what way, he set his vessel on one side and volunteered the following story:

There was once a great Arab shaykh who had a very handsome and clever son. The young man had not only been trained in all the manly exercises in which his people excelled, such as riding, shooting, etc., but taught to read and write their language. Having all these accomplishments, there remained nothing for him to do to complete his education except to see something of the world. His father, appreciating this fact, provided him with a liberal sum of money and sent him forth on his travels.

One day, in the course of his journeyings, the young man came to a large city. Hastily selecting a spot for his tent he left his servants to pitch it while he went for his first visit to the town. It proved so attractive that he spent many hours saun-

tering through its streets, admiring what he saw. Indeed, he did not think of returning to his camp until evening, and then he lost his way and had to spend the night in the city.

After wandering about in the growing darkness some time he came to a large open space with no buildings, where, being accustomed to sleep in the open air, he resolved to stay until morning. He therefore wrapped himself in his 'abayeh and threw himself upon the ground, saying, as he did so, "In the name of 'Allah, the merciful, the compassionate, I put my confidence in 'Allah, and commend myself to the protection of the owner of this field." Then he went to sleep.

Now, it happened that the jan in another part of the country were celebrating a wedding and had invited the owner of this field to a share in the festivities. He had to decline the invitation, explaining that he had a guest and it would not be proper to leave him. "Bring him with you," urged his friends. "That," said he, "I can not do, because he has not only placed himself under my protection, but has 'named' as well. I must therefore see to it that no evil befalls him." Then said the spokesman of the other jan, "The sultan has a beautiful daughter whom he has shut up in his castle at"—here he gave the name of the place where the castle was situated. "Carry him thither while he is asleep and leave him there while you come to the wedding. In the morning before daylight you can carry him back to the field, and thus no harm will befall him." This suggestion seemed a good one to the punctilious host,

and he adopted it. When, therefore, the young man, about midnight, awoke from his first sleep, to his astonishment he found himself lying in a magnificent chamber beside a beautiful maiden, over whose sleeping form the tapers in great golden candlesticks at the head and the foot of the couch shed a mellow radiance. While he was gazing at her with wonder and delight she awoke and gazed at him with no less pleasure and admiration; he was such a handsome youth! They speedily became very much enamored of each other, exchanged their seal-rings, and then fell asleep again, locked in each other's arms.

Before daylight the owner of the field took the young man back to the place whence he had brought him. When, therefore, he awoke, he was at first disappointed as well as surprised, thinking that the experience of the night was, after all, only a dream; but when he saw the ring on his finger, he knew that it was a reality. Still, he could not understand how he had been transported to the princess' side, or why he had not been permitted to stay in her company, and he resolved not to leave the city until he had solved this mystery.

The princess, also, was astonished, when she awoke, to find that her lover had vanished, and that only his ring was left her as a token that she had not dreamed what had happened. In process of time she was obliged to confess that she was about to become a mother. Her father was naturally very angry, but, being passionately fond of her, he could not bring himself to put her to death, as a father



under such circumstances would customarily have done. He was the more inclined to spare her life, because she had confessed all she knew about her lover, and he, believing in the power of the jan, suspected that they had had a hand in the matter. When, therefore, she had given birth to a son, he sent her and her child, accompanied by a faithful nurse, into banishment from the court.

Fortunately the city to which she was sent was the one where her lover was still waiting for news of her. She took up her residence in the place and devoted herself to her child. The little boy was a great care, because he would not allow any one but his mother to carry him without fretting and crying. One day, when she greatly needed rest, she told her slave to take him, in spite of his cries, for an airing. While the nurse was thus engaged she happened to pass a spot where the young man was sitting. He was attracted by something in the tone of the child's cries, and asked the slave to let him fondle the little fellow. The moment he took his son into his arms the child ceased to cry and seemed perfectly content. At this the unconscious father was so delighted that, on giving him back to the nurse, he loaded him with sweets bought of a passing vender.

When the nurse returned to her mistress, she naturally reported what had happened, dwelling on the beauty as well as the tenderness of the gentleman who had quieted the child for her. The mother, at once suspecting the truth in the matter, commanded the slave to lead her as quickly as possible to the place where she had left the young man.

When the young people met, they instantly recognized each other, the seal-rings confirming their identity. They were married without delay. The sultan, on hearing the news, was so pleased that he restored his daughter to favor and provided generously for her husband. Thus the pair lived happily ever afterward.

When the milkman had finished the story his customer asked, "Do you not think it would have been better if the young man had invoked the name of 'Allah without putting himself under the protection of the jinni? Had he trusted in 'Allah alone, all this would not have happened." "O no," was the answer, "'Allah only does good. If the young man had not put himself under the protection of the owner of the field, the latter would surely have done him an injury, perhaps carried him off and left him with the jan. By throwing himself upon his hospitality he prevented any such mishap, and thus nothing but good resulted."

#### THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

The Valley of Kidron has often been identified with the "Valley of Jehoshaphat" of Joel iii, 2. Hence Jews and Christians, and, following them, the Moslems, have located in this depression between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives the scene of the last judgment; the Jews and the Moslems burying their dead, the former on the east, the latter on the west of it, that they may share in the first



THE EASTERN WALL OF THE HARAM.



resurrection. The descriptions of the last day current among the Moslems of the lower classes are grotesque in the extreme. Here is one that was given by a muleteer to a Christian by whom he was employed:

When the day of judgment comes, and the people are all assembled on the Mount of Olives, the just will be separated from the unjust by a very simple method. A horse hair will be stretched across the valley to the wall of the H̄aram, and every one will be required to try to cross on it. The Jews and the Christians, when they make the attempt, will fail and fall into a sea of everlasting fire in the valley below. Faithful Moslems, on the other hand, will make the passage without danger or difficulty. Wicked Moslems, conscious of their guilt and unworthiness, will call upon the prophet for mercy. After rating them soundly for their evil deeds, on their profession of sincere repentance he will put on a sheepskin jacket—or, according to another version, change himself into a sheep—and carry them, meanwhile turned into fleas, across the blazing gulf. When the prophet reaches the H̄aram with these rescued sinners, they will again be transformed into men. The souls of all Moslems will then be weighed, the scales being suspended from one of the arcades on the edge of the platform on which the K̄ubbet 'eṣ-Ṣakhra stands, and each will receive a portion in Paradise corresponding to its weight.

When this picture of the judgment was given, a second Moslem, who was present, feeling that it was unfinished, added the following touches:

Every believer on entering Paradise will receive a palace luxuriously furnished, where he will enjoy every delight that mind or body can crave. Each of his friends will receive a similar palace for his residence. Should he wish to converse with one of them, his palace will of its own accord move to the vicinity of that of his friend, so that they can speak to each other from the windows. When they have finished their conversation, the establishment that moved will return to its former position.

#### A FEEBLE FOLK.

The Karaites, a sect of the Jews who reject the "traditions" of their people, have never been numerously represented in Jerusalem. This fact naturally excited comment and stimulated invention among the orthodox, who now explain it by the following story:

About the middle of the eighteenth century the Jewish community was thrown into great distress and anxiety by a demand from the governor for a sum of money which it was impossible to raise. The situation was so serious that the leaders of all parties were summoned to meet in conference, and, as it was important to keep the meeting a secret from the authorities, the place selected was the underground synagogue of the Karaites.

Thither, among the rest, came at the appointed time the chief rabbi of Jerusalem. As he descended the stairs to the synagogue, however, he suddenly became so ill that he could not reach the bottom.

When he recovered, he declared that it must have been magic or some other occult influence that caused his indisposition, and, to test the correctness of this theory, ordered the steps where he was attacked removed and a search made for a hidden charm or amulet.<sup>49</sup> His orders were obeyed, and there were found in the ground under the steps several volumes of the Talmud which the Karaites had placed there to show their contempt for the oral law. The chief rabbi was so incensed at this discovery that he condemned the offending sect to pay the demand of the governor and pronounced upon them a curse to the effect that there might never again be a minyan of Karaites in their synagogue in Jerusalem.

This curse, say the orthodox, has been literally fulfilled. They say, also, that when, about sixty years ago, some twenty families came from the Crimea to re-enforce the little band of Karaites then in Jerusalem, the plague attacked them and all the men died between the Jaffa Gate and their synagogue. The Karaites themselves, of course, deny the whole story. Moreover, they claim that they now have more than ten males in their congregation in Jerusalem.

#### THE WOOD-CUTTER'S DAUGHTER.

There was once a poor wood-cutter who had a wife and three daughters to feed and clothe from the proceeds of his labor. One day, while he was at work in the forest, a man came his way and stopped

to talk with him. The stranger, learning about the daughters, persuaded the father, for a large sum of money then and there paid in advance, to promise him the eldest of the three in marriage.

That night, when the wood-cutter went home, he told his wife of the bargain that he had made, and the next morning, with her consent, took the girl to a certain cave and delivered her to the stranger, whose name was 'Abu Fraywar. The latter, as soon as the father was gone, said to his wife, "You must be hungry; eat these." So saying, he drew a knife, and, cutting off his own ears, gave them to her with a loathsome loaf of black bread. The girl, though frightened, refused to eat; whereupon her husband hung her by her hair from the ceiling of a chamber in the cave, which he had meanwhile by magic transformed into a beautiful palace.

The next day 'Abu Fraywar went again to the forest and said to the wood-cutter, "I am so pleased with your daughter that I want the next younger for my brother. Here is more money. Bring her to-morrow." The simple father, overcome by the smooth words and bright gold of his son-in-law, again yielded, and the next day brought his second daughter to the cave, where she met with precisely the same treatment as her elder sister.

Finally, 'Abu Fraywar came for the third daughter, pretending that he wanted her for another brother. This time, also, the parents were easily won; but the girl, being somewhat spoiled, as the youngest of a family is apt to be, refused to go unless she might take with her a box in which she kept



sweets, etc., and her favorite kitten.<sup>50</sup> When, however, her terms were accepted, she followed her sisters to the cave where they were still hanging.

When 'Abu Fraywar offered his ears—which grew again as often as they were removed—to this girl, she, instead of showing the disgust she felt by refusing them, took them without hesitation and promised to eat them as soon as she felt hungry. He then left her for a time, saying that, when he returned, he expected to find that she had obeyed his wishes.

Now, the second sister, when 'Abu Fraywar left her, in the same way ordering her to dispose of the meal provided for her during his absence, had undertaken to deceive him by hiding his ears under the rug. She did not succeed; for, when he returned and she told him, in response to his inquiries, that she had eaten them, he called out, "Ears of mine, are you hot or cold?" and they immediately replied, "As cold as ice, and lying under the rug." Her attempt to deceive him, of course, made him very angry and furnished him an excuse for hanging her up beside his first victim.

The third sister proved wiser than either of the others. She gave the ears to her cat, which devoured them with relish, while she ate some food that she had brought from home. When 'Abu Fraywar returned and called out as before, "Ears of mine, are you hot or cold?" they replied, "As hot as can be in this snug little stomach." At this the monster was so well pleased that from that time

he grew more and more fond of the girl and treated her with increasing kindness.

One day, after she had been some time with him, he said to her, "I have to go on a journey. There are forty rooms in the palace. Here are the keys. You may open any you please except the one to which this golden key gives entrance." She promised not to disturb the forbidden chamber, and he took his departure. For a while after he was gone she amused herself with examining the rest of the rooms. She had reached the thirty-ninth, when, on looking from the window, which opened on a graveyard, she was horrified at seeing her husband, who was really a ghoul (*ghul*), devouring a corpse that he had just taken from its grave. She was so fascinated by the spectacle that she took a position from which she could see without being seen and watched him at his ghastly work. Presently he started and listened, then hid himself behind a tomb in the vicinity. It was a funeral that had disturbed him. As the procession drew near she noticed that the bearers of the corpse seemed in great haste, and finally heard one of them say, "Let us be off as soon as possible, lest the ghoul that haunts the place seize and devour us."

The discovery that she had made gave the girl great uneasiness. She was especially anxious to know what was in the fortieth room, and her anxiety at last became so intense that she resolved at any cost to solve the mystery. When she applied the golden key to the door and opened it, there were her sisters, still alive, hanging from the ceiling by their



THE MUSLIM CEMETERY AT NAZARETH.



hair. She cut them down and fed<sup>d</sup> them; then, as soon as their strength was in a measure restored, she sent them back to their parents.

The next day her husband returned, but he did not remain long with her. After a few days he told her that he was obliged to make another journey. This time, before he left her, he gave her permission to have any of her relatives whom she wished to see to visit her. Accordingly, when he was gone, she sent invitations to several of her friends and relatives. They were accepted, but, when the people came, she said nothing to them about her troubles. It was well that she did not, for among those who came to see her there were some who were not what they seemed, but her husband in the various shapes which his knowledge of magic enabled him to take for the purpose of entrapping her. At last he took the form of her aged grandmother and succeeded. No sooner did his unsuspecting wife see, as she supposed, the friend of her childhood, than she threw herself upon her neck and told her her sorrows. Thereupon 'Abu Fraywar unmasked and, taking a poisoned nail, drove it into her breast. The wound thus made did not kill her; it only caused her to swoon and remain indefinitely in this condition. As soon as she became unconscious her husband put her into a chest, which he then sank in the sea.

Now the sultan of that country had a son who was very fond of sailing and fishing. It so happened that, soon after 'Abu Fraywar had made away with the wood-cutter's daughter, the young man, while engaged in fishing, ordered a large net to be cast

from his boat near the place where she had been lowered. It inclosed the chest, which, after some difficulty, was finally brought to the surface. The prince ordered it taken into the boat, and then, before opening it, said to his men, "If the chest contains money or jewels, you may have it with all its contents; but, if anything else, I shall claim it."

The young man was deeply pained, as well as surprised, when he saw what was actually in the chest. He wept and lamented over the sad fate of the unfortunate creature, and carried the body to his mother's chamber, that it might be prepared for proper burial. During this process the nail was discovered and removed, when the young woman began to sneeze and finally recovered consciousness.

When Zerendac—for that was her name—was completely restored, she became the wife of the prince and in due time bore him a daughter. One day, however, when she was alone with her baby, the wall of her room suddenly parted and 'Abu Fraywar made his appearance. He did not stop to greet his former wife, but, seizing the child, swallowed it and instantly vanished. The bereaved mother was so stunned by her loss that, when her husband asked her what had become of the child, she had nothing to answer.

The same fate befell her second child, a son, and the third, another daughter. The last time 'Abu Fraywar, in his malignity, went so far as to smear the mother's face with her child's blood. When he was gone she washed her face, but in her haste and excitement she missed a slight stain just below her

under lip. Her husband and his mother, who already suspected her, when they caught sight of this spot, at once concluded that she was a ghuleh, and had devoured her own children.

Seeing that her life was in danger, Zerendac told her story; but no one believed it. Her husband, however, refusing to put her to death, ordered her to be confined in a small room underground and fed on bread and water. Later, at his mother's suggestion, he sought another wife, and, hearing of the daughter of a neighboring sultan, went in person to sue for her hand. Before starting on his journey, not for the purpose of comforting, but of tormenting her, he sent to the mother of his lost children to ask her what he should bring her on his return. She replied, begging him to bring her a box of aloes (*şebr*)<sup>51</sup> and another of *henna*'; also a dagger.

The prince complied with his wife's request, and, when he reached home, sent her the things just mentioned. She opened the boxes, and, placing them in front of her, said, "O box of *şebr*, you have not in you more patience than I have shown. O box of *henna*', you can not be gentler than I have been;" and, having said this, she was on the point of stabbing herself with the dagger, when the wall again parted and 'Abu Fraywar again appeared, this time leading a handsome boy and two beautiful girls. "Do not kill yourself," he cried, "I have not slain your children. Here they are." He then, by the utterance of a magical formula, called into existence a staircase connecting the room in which Zerendac was imprisoned with the principal salon of the royal

palace. At the top there was a trap-door so cunningly constructed that no one who was not in the secret could find it or would suspect its existence. This done, he took the dagger and killed himself.

When the time for the marriage of the prince with the sultan's daughter arrived, Zerendac sent the three children, arrayed in rich garments and rare jewels, up the staircase, with instructions to play as many pranks on the guests and do as much damage among the glass and china in the salon as possible.

Now, the mother of the prince was so struck with the beauty of the children that, although she was annoyed by the mischief they did, she could not find it in her heart to punish them, especially as there was something in their features and movements that reminded her of her son in his childhood. However, at last she lost her patience; but just as she was about to strike one of them, they all shouted in chorus, "O lady, make haste and see how the moon is revolving." At this, of course, everybody rushed to the window and the children seized the opportunity to lift the trap-door and escape.

On the day on which the wedding was to be consummated the children appeared again when their father was present. He was attracted by their beauty and amused by their conversation. They, however, went about upsetting vases and doing all the mischief in other ways that occurred to them. When he remonstrated with them, they replied, "This house is our house, and all that is in it belongs to us and our parents." "What do you



mean?" inquired the prince. For answer they took him down the secret staircase to their mother, who told him that they were his children and how they had been restored to her. The prince, deeply touched by the story, begged her to forgive his unkindness and return to her place in his household; which she was only too happy to do. He then sent the sultan's daughter, with an explanation and a satisfactory compensation, back to her father, and the reunited couple lived happily ever after.

#### A SUDDEN TRANSFORMATION.

On the outskirts of the towns and villages of Palestine one frequently comes upon the shabby horse-hair or sack-cloth tents of a degraded class of wanderers known as Nawar, Zut, or Nashaleh. These three names, though often applied indiscriminately to all gypsies, properly denote as many different kinds among them. The Nawar appear to be the poorest and wretchedest of the three. The men are usually rude blacksmiths, who make and mend the primitive agricultural implements of the fellahin. The women and children are meanwhile employed in begging, or stealing whatever they can lay their hands on. Some of the elder women also tell fortunes. The Zut are, as a rule, better clad than the Nawar. They go about with trained bears or monkeys. Sometimes they are seen with performing goats and asses. The Nashaleh, it is said, come from Armenia and Kurdistan. The name given them is derived from an Arabic word mean-

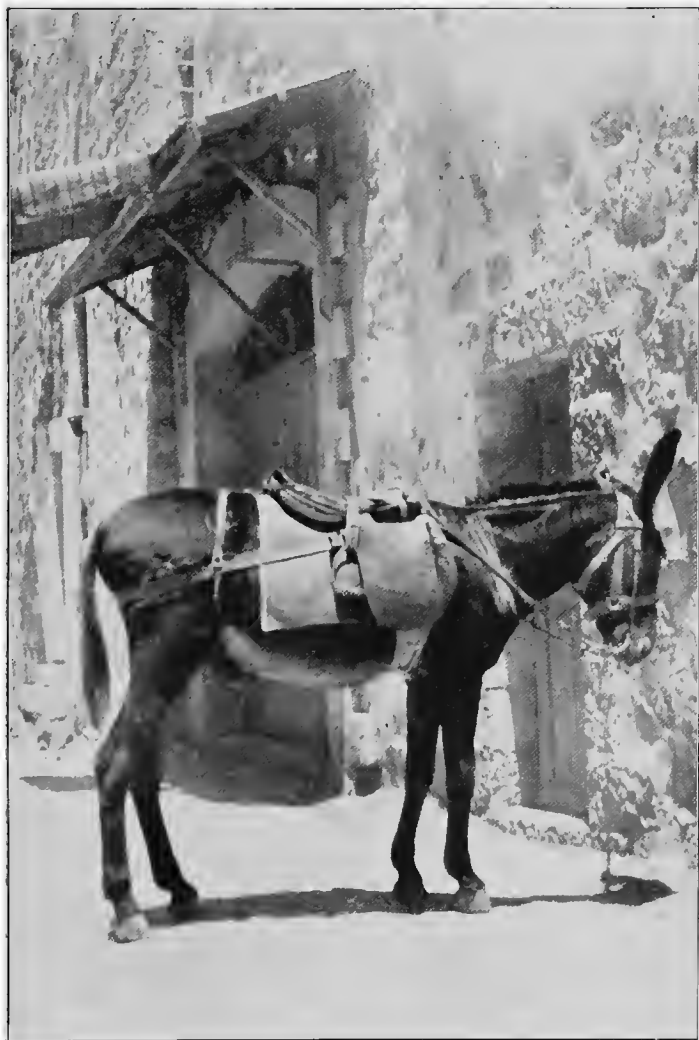
ing *draw*, or *drag*. Their women, especially, are greatly feared among Orientals.

Within a few years there have been many mysterious robberies in Jerusalem. In some cases jewels or other valuables have disappeared in ways which the owners have never been able to discover. The natives generally place such losses to the account of the Nashaleh, who are supposed to possess magical powers, and by this means to be able to enter houses unseen and learn where the valuables are kept without being told; and this opinion, so far as it relates to the identity of the guilty parties, seems to be confirmed by the fact that Nashaleh women, who were evidently there to steal, have been caught in the houses of Europeans. They generally hunt in couples, one standing outside the door to give warning of the approach of a disturber, while the other sneaks into the house to see what she can find.

These gypsies all speak a remarkable language, which, according to the late Professor Palmer, is identical with the Romani, or Indian dialect, employed by the gypsies of Europe. As in Europe, so also in the East, the gypsies are generally despised, and the name is one of the greatest reproach.

The success of the gypsies in their depredations is not always attributed to their knowledge of magic. Their natural cleverness has become proverbial. The following story illustrates it:

Two gypsies were once passing along a certain street when they saw, a little distance in front of them, a well-dressed man riding a fine donkey. They



BEFORE THE TRANSFORMATION.



followed him for some time, discussing the most practicable method of getting possession of the animal. While they were thus engaged the man suddenly stopped and tied his beast before a house, which he finally entered. "Now is our chance," said one of the gypsies. "Make haste and take the saddle and bridle off the donkey and put them on me; then take him and begone. I shall persuade the owner of the creature to let me go without any trouble." Thus the donkey was driven off by one of the rogues, while the other quietly remained, with the saddle on his back and the bridle on his head, tied as the animal had been, until the owner appeared.

The latter was greatly surprised to find his donkey gone and a man in his place. "How is this?" said he. "Where is my donkey?" "I am, or rather *was*, your donkey," replied the gypsy. "How can that be?" demanded the astonished owner. "I have never ridden *you*. *You* are a man, and not an ass. And yet I find you wearing my donkey's saddle and bridle. Such a thing never happened to me before, although it is now three years since I bought the beast at the cattle market in Ludd." "Quite so," replied the gypsy. "For the last three years I have been your donkey, and you have ridden me about. They were the last of seven for which my father, who was a wizard, enraged because I refused to marry my cousin, turned me into a donkey. The time during which the spell was to retain its power expired while you were in the house, and I became a man again. My first thought, on regaining my original form, was to throw off the saddle and bridle

and go my way; but it occurred to me that, if I did so, you might think some one had stolen your animal, and, to prevent you from suspecting innocent people, I concluded to wait and explain matters."

The owner of the donkey was greatly surprised and touched on hearing this story. He made haste to remove the saddle and bridle, meanwhile earnestly entreating the wearer to forgive the blows he had received while he wore the form of a quadruped. The cunning rascal magnanimously granted this petition, declaring that it was not in his nature to harbor ill will. He then, in his turn, asked for a token of appreciation of his former services, and, having received a generous bakhshish, departed to look for his accomplice.

Some days later the man who had been thus duped went to the cattle market to buy a new donkey. To his astonishment he saw there for sale one that looked exactly like the one he had lost, and the more closely he examined him the more confident he became that it was the identical animal. The gypsy's story, however, prevented him from claiming his property. Recalling this, he waited until he thought no one was looking, and then, sidling up to the donkey, whispered in his ear, "Have you had a second quarrel with your father?" The donkey, unused to being addressed in this fashion, lowered his head much as if he were nodding. "Ah," said his master, who took the gesture as an affirmative reply, "you are a fool, and deserve to remain a donkey; but you may be sure that I shall not be so foolish as to buy you a second time."

SPECIMENS OF ORIENTAL WIT  
AND WISDOM

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## THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

THE good genius 'el-Khudr, not content with rescuing those who are in physical danger or distress, sometimes comes to the relief of mankind in their spiritual difficulties. Thus, Moses is said to have received assistance from him. The story, as it is told in Palestine, runs as follows:

The Hebrew leader was greatly confused and troubled by the ways of Providence. He could not understand why the wicked prospered, and the righteous suffered, in this world; why noble and promising youths were suddenly snatched away in the heyday of their vigor, while their inferiors in every respect were permitted to prolong their comparatively useless lives and die quietly in their beds hoary with years. Finally he asked 'Allah to instruct him in these matters. In answer to his prayer he was told that if, on a certain day, he went to a certain place, he would there meet one of the servants of the Almighty, who would give him the desired instruction.

At the appointed time and place he found a venerable derwish, of whom, after a respectful salutation, he asked permission to accompany him. The derwish consented, only stipulating that Moses should not criticise anything that he might see fit to

do, or even ask questions with reference to his actions. "If you do," said he, "we must part company." Moses gave the required promise, and the two started off together.

After a long day's march they reached a certain village just as the sun was going down, and, on inquiring for the guest-house (*manzil*), were directed to the dwelling of the shayh. He, being a genial and well-to-do person, received them cordially and ordered a sheep killed for supper in their honor. When the time came for retiring to rest, he had them taken to a spacious chamber luxuriously furnished. The hand-basin, for example, was of silver plate set with jewels.

Moses was very tired, and therefore soon fell asleep; but he was not allowed to enjoy to his satisfaction the couch on which he was resting. Long before daylight his companion waked him with the announcement that they must set out at once, otherwise they should not be able to cover the distance they had to travel before nightfall. Moses objected, saying that, in the first place, he still felt too tired to proceed, and secondly, it would be most ungrateful to wake their host so early or leave without thanking him for his courtesy and hospitality. "You seem," said the derwish sternly, as, to his pupil's astonishment, he slipped the silver basin into the bosom of his capacious robe, "You seem, I say, to have forgotten the terms on which I allowed you to travel with me." Thus silenced, Moses arose, and the pair left the house unnoticed by any of its other inmates.

In the evening of that day they arrived at the place where they expected to spend the night, foot-sore and weary. Again they were sent to the shaykh to find lodgings. This time, however, their host was a man of an altogether different stamp from the one of the preceding night. On seeing the strangers he began to grumble about the hardness of the times and the misfortune of having such a position as his, a position that made it his duty to furnish food and shelter to any vagabond who happened his way. He then ordered the servants to take the wayfarers to a cave behind the stable and let them spend the night there, sleeping on the straw with which the place was partly filled. Some time afterwards he sent them some scraps of stale bread and a few moldy olives for their supper. Moses, although he was very hungry, could hardly force himself to partake of such wretched fare. His companion, on the other hand, made a hearty meal; after which they threw themselves upon their uninviting couch and finally fell asleep.

Moses awoke very early the next morning, cold, hungry, and miserable. When he felt that he could lie no longer, he roused the derwish and suggested that it was time to rise and go in search of some palatable food. "O, no," replied the other; "it will never do for us to steal away as if we were thieves. Besides, I want to sleep another hour or two, and I hope you will not disturb me." So saying he pulled his 'abayeh more closely about him and resumed his slumbers, leaving Moses to endure as best he could the complaints of an empty stomach.

It was broad daylight when the derwish arose, directed his hungry companion to put the fragments of their last meal into his bosom for their needs during the day, and said, "Now we must go and bid our generous host farewell." When they had found the shaykh, the derwish, making a polite obeisance, first thanked him for the courtesy with which he had received them and the generosity with which he had entertained them, and then begged him to accept a slight token of their appreciation and gratitude. Hereupon, to the astonishment of the host as well as Moses, he produced the silver basin, laid it at the shaykh's feet, and bowed himself out of the house. Moses did not know what to think of these proceedings, but he dared not give utterance to his feelings.

The third's days journey was through an inhospitable tract of country where food was so scarce that Moses was thankful for the fragments which, but for the derwish, he would not have thought of saving. Toward evening the travelers came to the bank of a river. There was neither bridge nor ford in sight. They therefore decided not to attempt to cross before morning, and proceeded to look for shelter. Presently they came upon a wretched hut built of mud and reeds not far from the stream. It was occupied by an aged woman, the widow of a former ferryman, and her nephew, a lad about thirteen years of age. Seeing the men approaching, she greeted them respectfully, invited them into her humble dwelling, set before them bread, eggs, and leben, the best fare that she could procure, and did

her utmost to make them comfortable. The next morning she refused to let them go until they had again eaten at her board. When they had done so, she told her nephew to show them the way to a dilapidated bridge farther down the river, and not to leave them until he had brought them safely over it.

When the travelers had thanked their hostess for her hospitality, and especially for her anxiety for their safety, the party set forth, the boy leading the way, the derwish following, and the prophet closing the procession. In this order they had proceeded as far as the middle of the bridge, when, to Moses' horror and indignation, the derwish seized the lad by the neck and threw him into the water; where he sank like a stone and was seen no more. "Monster! murderer!" exclaimed Moses in a passion, "why have you slain the child?" "You have again forgotten," answered his companion, suddenly transformed into the venerable, majestic, and awe-inspiring 'el-Khudr, "the terms of our agreement, and this time we must separate. Know, however, that I was sent by the Almighty in answer to your prayer, to give you some light on his hitherto mysterious dealings with mankind. All my actions, strange as they may have seemed to you, were predestined by 'Allah and performed for the benefit of those whom they affected. Listen. Our first host was a man of good impulses and honest intentions, but too trustful and too ostentatious. The loss of the silver basin will tend to cure him of these faults. Our second host was a churlish niggard. He will now begin to exercise hospitality with the hope of

reward; but the habit of generosity will grow on him, and before his days are ended he will have become a changed man. As for the child whose sudden death has angered you, he is now in Paradise, safe from all temptation; but, had he lived two years longer, he would have become so depraved that he would have killed his benefactress, and in the year following he would have murdered you.’<sup>52</sup>

#### THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

There are those who believe that hell has seven gates, and that one of them is in the Wady en-Nar.<sup>53</sup> They further assert that Azrael, the angel of death, occupies one of the numerous caves in this valley, and, in harmony with the assertion, tell the following story:<sup>54</sup>

Azrael had committed an unknown crime, as a penalty for which he was condemned to live on earth as a man for a term of years equal to the usual duration of human existence; at the same time, however, fulfilling his office as the angel of death. Being obliged, during his earthly stay, to earn a living, and seeing that he could best combine his original duties with the medical profession, he became a physician; and so great was his apparent skill that he attained wide celebrity. As a man he found it necessary to marry. The woman he chose for a wife bore him a son, but did not otherwise enhance his happiness; for she was a frightful vixen. He would gladly have put her to death, but, unfor-



WADY 'EN-NAR.





tunately, in the book of destiny it was ordained that she should outlive him.

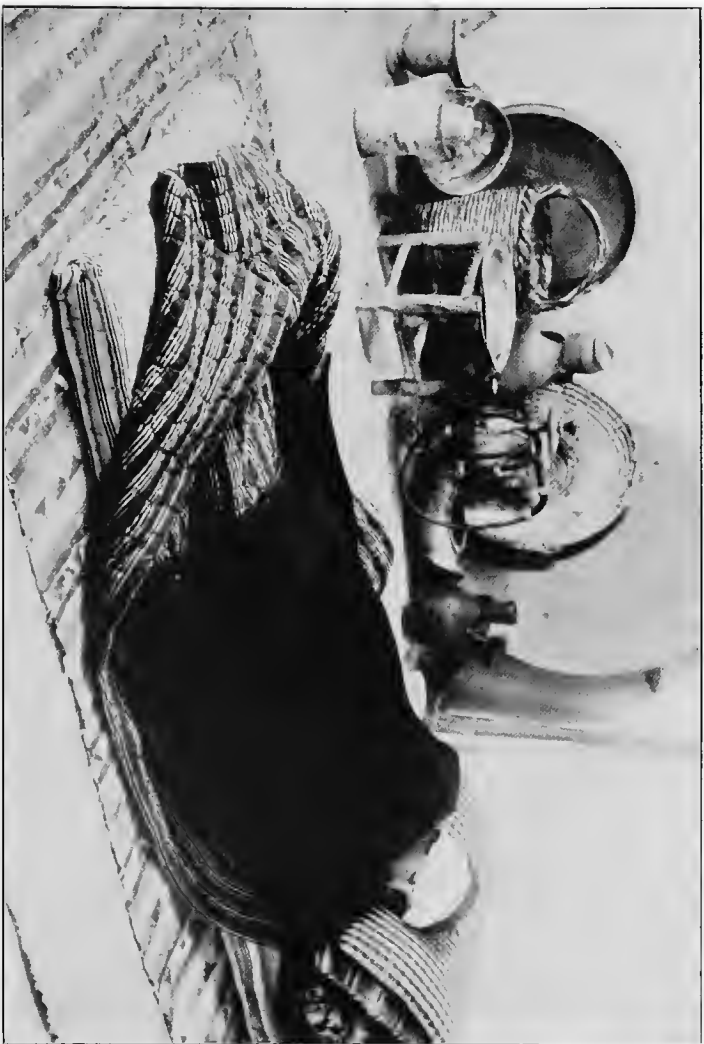
When Azrael grew old, and the time for his departure approached, he called his son to his bedside and, after enjoining the strictest secrecy, revealed to the astonished young man his real character. Then he added: "Since I am now about to leave the earth, it is my duty to provide for your future. You have often attended me on my professional rounds, and, being an apt pupil, have learned the mysteries of medicine so far as they are known to human beings. Now, however, I will reveal to you a secret, without the knowledge of which you can not expect infallible success. Whenever you are called to the bedside of a patient, I will be present, visible to you, but not to any one else. If you see me standing at the head of the bed, you may be sure that the patient will die in spite of your most trusted remedies. If, on the other hand, I shall have taken my place at the foot, he or she will surely recover, though you should administer the deadliest poison."

Soon after this interview Azrael died and his son succeeded him. For some time the young man followed the instructions of his father, and, in consequence, acquired a great reputation and a considerable amount of property. Money came to him so easily, however, that he did not realize its value, and soon began to spend it in a lavish and prodigal fashion. It was not long, therefore, before his expenditures exceeded his income, and he sometimes

found himself more or less embarrassed by an empty purse.

One day, when he was particularly in need of money, he was called to the bedside of a very wealthy man, sick of a disease that the other doctors had pronounced incurable. As the son of Azrael entered the sick-chamber, he saw his father standing near the head of the bed. Therefore, after pretending to examine the patient, meanwhile asking suitable questions, he gravely shook his head and said that he was sorry, but he should have to subscribe to the opinion of his colleagues; and that, therefore, the wisest course for his patient was to prepare himself for eternity. The poor man, greatly alarmed and excited, clasped the doctor's knees and besought him to save his life, promising him half his possessions. "Well," said the physician, after some hesitation, "I do not know how I can help you. According to all the rules of medicine you must die. However, there is one expedient that may possibly avail, and, if you will promise me three-fourths of your wealth, and sign a contract to the effect that I am to receive my fee whether I succeed in my experiment or not, I will do my best for you."

The patient hesitated, but finally, tormented by the fear of death, in desperation accepted the terms offered, and the required document was promptly signed, sealed, and delivered. Then the doctor turned to his father, who was still standing in his former position, and began to make furtive signs, such as clutching his beard and moving his head



AN ORIENTAL BED.



sideways, meaning that Azrael should remove to the foot of the bed; but the grim figure did not budge. Finding that entreaty was of no avail, the young man resorted to stratagem. Calling for four porters, he ordered them to stand, one at each corner of the bed, and lift it from the floor. This done, they were directed to turn it as quickly as possible end for end, so that the patient's head should be where his feet had been and *vice versa*. The cunning quack thought thus to outwit his father, but he was disappointed. When the bed had been placed in its new position, Azrael was still at the head, as if a part of it. The trick was several times repeated, always with the same result. The young man, baffled, was on the point of desisting from his undertaking, when suddenly a bright idea struck him. He told the porters to leave the room, and, when they were gone, assuming a startled expression, exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "Father! father! I hear mother coming." This ruse succeeded. The angel of death, at the mere mention of his ill-natured spouse, fled not to return. The patient then, of course, recovered and lived some years to enjoy the remnant of his fortune.

The son of Azrael did not long keep the wealth he had won by his trickery; for, in the first place, being accustomed to prodigality, his expenditures became enormous, and, on the other hand, since his father no longer appeared to assist him in his practice, he met with an astonishing succession of failures, thus losing his reputation and with it the prospect of recruiting his resources. One day. after at-

tending the funeral of a Jew who was one of his victims, he was wandering disheartened down Wady 'en-Nar, lamenting the folly that had alienated his father, when suddenly he saw Azrael standing at the door of the cave where he still tarried. The angry father looked sternly for some time at his undutiful son, then burst into reproaches, telling him that, because he had done what he had done, it had been decreed that his own life should be shortened; that, in fact, in an hour or two he would be numbered among the dead. The young man fell at his father's feet and besought him with tears to have mercy on him. Moved by these entreaties, Azrael finally relented so far as to say, "Well, my boy, you have acted very foolishly, and I am not sure that I can do anything to save you; but come with me and perhaps, as we are passing through my laboratory, your fertile brain will suggest to you an expedient by which you can save yourself."

So saying, he led the way into the cave, the young man following with alacrity as well as curiosity. They passed through, one after another, a series of seven connected chambers. The sides of these chambers looked like the walls of an apothecary's shop. They were fitted with shelves on which were arranged bottles, boxes, and other vessels of all shapes and sizes. "What are these?" asked the young man. "Each of these vessels," answered his father, "contains a means by which a human soul will be released from the body; in other words, a cause of death. Thus, for instance," he proceeded, as he took down a copper box and unscrewed the lid, "a

certain young man is destined to die within a few minutes by a fall from his horse, and I have just released the 'afrait who will frighten the beast.' Reaching for another box he added, "This contains shells of the eggs of that wonderful bird, the şafat. It never alights, even laying its eggs while on the wing; and these eggs are hatched before they reach the earth. The young thus produced, however, are often caught and devoured by the voracious shibah.<sup>55</sup> This animal then goes mad and bites the first beast that comes in its way, thus perpetuating hydrophobia and providing me with much occupation."

Discoursing after this fashion, they went from room to room until they found themselves in a long and spacious hall, where, on tables arranged in rows, there were thousands on thousands of little earthen lamps. Some were burning brightly, others with a flickering flame, while still others were constantly going out. In the last cases, as often as a tiny flame was quenched, the lamp over which it had been hovering was snatched up by Azrael, an invisible hand at the same time replacing it by another that seemed to have been newly kindled. "What is this place?" asked the young man with evident interest. "These lamps," said his father, "are the lives of men. It is the duty of Gabriel to fill and light them, and place them in position. Ah! the careless fellow! he has just left his oil pitcher on the table next to you." "Which is my lamp?" was the next eager question. "This one," said Azrael, pointing to one that was apparently on the

point of extinction. "O father, in pity refill it," cried the son with growing anxiety. "That," was the reply, "I dare not do. I must not interfere with the work of another angel. I shall not, however, take your life at present, as I have to collect some other lamps that have just gone out at the other end of the hall." So saying, he left his son standing by his own expiring light. As the young man watched the slender flame, it suddenly occurred to him that he might help himself. Thereupon he seized Gabriel's pitcher and attempted to pour some of the oil from it into the lamp on which his life depended; but in his haste he struck and overturned the little vessel, and in an instant the flame was extinguished. "Foolish boy!" said Azrael, who had returned just in time to see it disappear. Then, taking the empty lamp, he carried it back through the rooms that he and his son had so recently traversed, and laid it before the door of the cave, where the body of the dead physician was found a little later by some people who happened to be passing that way. Meanwhile the angel of death had finished his soliloquy. Said he, as he turned to go back to his lamps, "Why would he meddle with what did not concern him? Still, it is a comfort to know that he can not reproach me with having caused his death." Thus, as the saying is, "Azrael always finds an excuse."<sup>56</sup>





ANCIENT LAMPS.



## A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES.

The next story has different versions, the form in which it appears in any given case depending on the religious affiliations or preferences of the narrator. If he be a Jew, the hero will usually be a Christian priest, etc. The following is the Christian version:

On a hilltop, not far from a Moslem village, stood a shrine supposed to mark the resting-place of a famous saint. The guardian of the place, whom we will call Shaykh 'Ifani (So-and-so), was an elderly man, and a general favorite in the surrounding district. He used to ride about on a donkey to which he was much attached because he had had it a long time, in fact ever since it was a mere foal. On these rounds the old man was always accompanied by an orphan youth from the village, of about the same age as his donkey, whom he had adopted and carefully instructed in the way in which he himself was going. The shaykh was much respected, not only for his knowledge of the Kuran, etc., but for his skill as a doctor and surgeon, and his ability in preparing amulets and talismans to protect their wearers from the evil eye and other baleful influences. He could also draw horoscopes, and unveil secrets with the help of the magic mirror of ink.<sup>57</sup>

One morning, after his protégé, whom we will call Hasan, had reached manhood, the shaykh addressed him after the following manner: "My son,

you know that I have been as a father to you. I have taught you the Kuran and everything else that I myself have learned. You have proved an apt pupil, and there are many shayhs who have not half your knowledge. All that is still necessary for you is that you go on a pilgrimage to the holy places. When you have done this, your education will be complete and, 'Allah willing, you can obtain a situation in which to earn, as you have seen me do, an honorable livelihood. I have no money to give you; but you will hardly need any, since, as a derwish, you will be hospitably received wherever you go. I will, however, give you my old 'abayeh and this crook.<sup>58</sup> You may also have the donkey to bear you on your journey.'" Finally, the young man was advised to start on his pilgrimage at once, that he might reach a certain shrine at the proper season for devotional visits.

Hasan at first shrank from the thought of leaving his father, for whom he felt a sincere reverence and attachment, but, being of an ambitious and adventurous disposition, he resolved to adopt the course recommended, and the next morning at sunrise, with the shaykh's blessing, he set out on his travels. It will not be necessary to recount all the adventures that happened to him as he journeyed. Suffice it to say that he escaped any serious mishap until, one day several months later, he found himself in the midst of a barren plain, with a sirocco blowing and not a drop of water or a human habitation in sight. He was toiling along, tired and thirsty, on foot, having alighted to save the waning

strength of his donkey, when suddenly the poor beast stopped, rubbed its nose against his master's arm, and fell dead in his tracks. The young man was greatly distressed at the loss of a companion, not only of his recent journey, but of his entire boyhood. He could not think of leaving the carcass where it lay to become the prey of vultures and hyenas. He therefore resolved, even at the risk of having to spend the night on the spot himself, to dig a grave and bury it in the sand. This, without tools, was no easy task, but he achieved it; not, however, until the sun had sunk so low that it was impossible for him to reach the nearest village before nightfall.

The young derwish, seeing that it was useless, and might be dangerous, to go farther, began to make preparations to spend the night by the newly made grave. While thus engaged, chancing to look up, he noticed a cloud of dust and presently saw a troop of horsemen approaching. As they drew near one of them, who was evidently their leader, said, so loudly that Hasan heard it, to his companions, "Look! Yonder is a holy derwish standing beside a newly made grave. Death has overtaken the companion of his travels, and he has piously buried him in this lonely desert. What an unfortunate fate, to perish in so forlorn a place, where one can not find water, even to wash a corpse. I must speak to the sorrowing survivor." So saying, he galloped up to the young man and, after respectfully saluting him, inquired, "What was the name of the departed?" "Ayr," replied Hasan, using a classical

but unfamiliar word for *ass*. "Alas, poor Shaykh 'Ayr!" exclaimed the emir. "'Allah's ways are mysterious. Do not, however, let his death too deeply distress you. He shall not be forgotten. Tomorrow I will send men to build a maḵam over his grave;" and, before the astonished derwish had time to offer a word of explanation, the impulsive officer galloped away with his retinue.

Ḥasan lay awake a long time that night reviewing his late experiences, and especially that of the previous evening. When he arose the next morning he had decided to remain where he was an hour or two, to see how events would develop. He did not have long to wait, for, about sunrise, he descried on the horizon a number of moving specks, which later resolved themselves into camels laden with lime and donkeys carrying cut stone, followed by a company of masons and laborers. On reaching the spot where the derwish stood waiting for them, the men first saluted him with great respect, and then informed him that the emir had sent them thither with orders to erect with all possible despatch the promised maḵam of Shaykh 'Ayr. Things had now gone so far that explanation was impossible. There was, therefore, nothing for Ḥasan to do but to signify his approval of the project and allow the workmen to proceed with its execution. They began work without delay. First they built over the grave a cenotaph, which they next inclosed in a room of the usual form and dimensions. Adjoining this room they constructed an open hall (*'iwan*), with a prayer niche (*mihṛab*), marking the direction



THE MAKAM OF SHAYKH JERRAH.





toward Mecca, and a second room for the accommodation of the guardian of the shrine. Finally they erected a small minaret, dug a well, and surrounded the whole with a wall, thus forming a spacious courtyard. All this, of course, it took some time to accomplish, but Ḥasan still tarried, having received from the emir a message to the effect that he was to be the first shaykh of the new shrine. When the work was completed he entered upon his duties, content, since he could not now reveal it without injury, not only to his own interests, but to those of his religion, to keep the secret of the personality of the saint he was serving.

The new shrine, being situated at a point convenient for a halting-place for travelers crossing the desert, soon became so famous that it was annually visited by crowds of pilgrims. Its shaykh, also, became a favorite. Rich gifts were showered upon him by pilgrims and travelers. Finally, becoming conscious of the dignity of his position, he let his beard grow and donned rather better attire than derwishes usually wear.

In the course of time, as was natural, good Shaykh 'Ifāni began to hear about the now fashionable shrine of Shaykh 'Ayr, and he was greatly mystified by the reports concerning it. He had visited many holy places in his journeys, but he could not for the life of him remember to have seen this one, or even to have known of its existence until recently. He was incautious enough to make a remark to this effect, much to the detriment of his reputation among his former admirers. Indeed the time came when

he was obliged to undertake a pilgrimage to this same shrine, in spite of his age and the distance he would have to travel to reach it, or lose his standing and influence in the community of which he had hitherto been the universally honored head. He reached the maḡam of Shaykh 'Ayr on the last day of the devotional season, and was surprised at the multitude of pilgrims he found there. But what puzzled him most was the personality of the guardian of the shrine. He was sure he had seen the face and heard the voice before, but when or where he could not remember. Wishing to solve the problem, he lingered until the rest of the pilgrims had departed, and then, respectfully approaching the young derwish, begged that, as he had come a long distance and was very weary, he might spend the night in the inclosure. Ḥasan at once recognized his benefactor, and made himself known by welcoming the shaykh with every sign of affection. When they had embraced each other and kissed each other on either shoulder, Ḥasan took his guest to his own room, and, after making him comfortable, set about the preparation of the evening meal. When it was ended, Shaykh 'Ifani took the pipe offered him and smoked for some time in silence. At last, lifting his eyes and fixing them upon Ḥasan, he said with great solemnity, "My son, I adjure you by all the saints, and the prophets, and everything that we consider holy, that you tell me your story, hiding nothing. Who is it who is buried in this place?" The young man, having obtained a promise of secrecy, told his experiences substantially as they have already been

narrated. When he had finished his tale, he in his turn begged to be allowed a question, "Tell me, my father, I adjure you," he said, "what saint lies buried at the shrine over which you yourself have so long been the guardian." The old shaykh hesitated, but, being pressed by his son, and assured that the secret should never be divulged, he finally said with an expression of mingled amusement and vexation, "Well, if you must know, it was the father of your donkey."<sup>59</sup>

#### A RARE OCCASION.

Some years ago there lived at Jerusalem an aged widow named Hanneh, a devout member of the orthodox Greek Church. Though poor she was given to good works, and therefore greatly beloved as well as respected. No one ever heard her say an unkind word of anybody. There was one person, however, of whom she could not approve. Although she never said so, she distrusted and disliked the patriarch. These sentiments had taken possession of her in her early life, and they had only grown stronger with advancing years. Before her marriage she had been a nurse in his father's family. He was the only child of his parents and, being very active and somewhat spoiled, greatly annoyed her by his pranks; in fact, at last became quite unmanageable. It is not strange that when, the boy having outgrown the nursery, she left the family to have a home of her own, she should have had her fears about his future.

The good woman did not lose her interest in her former charge when she was separated from him. She probably followed his course at the school to which he was sent quite as closely as if she had liked him. She was looking to see him punished, perhaps expelled, for idleness or unruliness, or both. She was therefore surprised, if not disappointed, to hear that he was not only a diligent student, but a general favorite with his teachers and schoolmates. Still she persisted in her evil forecast. "Ah," she said to herself, "the day will come when his parents, and teachers, and schoolmates will discover the real character of this clever deceiver."

When the lad, now become a young man, had finished his studies, he was ordained to the diaconate. On hearing this, Hanneh shook her head and gravely said to herself, "Dear me! dear me! our bishops and clergy must have been struck with spiritual blindness; otherwise they would never have admitted such a scapegrace to holy orders." Her astonishment, of course, was only increased when, as years passed, she saw him first made in succession a priest, an archimandrite, and a bishop, and finally elevated to the patriarchal throne. She felt bitterly humiliated, whenever she chanced to meet him on the street, to have to bend and kiss his hand, although she saw in his eye the same mischievous twinkle it had when he played his pranks upon her. She comforted herself, however, by saying in her heart, "Here on earth it is not strange that mistakes should be made, and respect and honors

should come to those who are unworthy of them; but in heaven all this will be rectified."

In time the good woman died in the odor of sanctity, and her soul was borne by angels to heaven's gate, where St. Peter sits with his keys to admit the saints and exclude the unworthy. She timidly lifted the knocker and rapped for admittance. "Who is there?" gruffly shouted St. Peter, as he peered from the little window over the gate. "Ah!" he added, "I see. It is another redeemed soul asking admittance. What is your name, my daughter?" "Your handmaid, Hanneh," the widow answered meekly. On hearing her name he threw open the door, gave her a hearty welcome, and led her to a vacant place among thousands upon thousands of other saints employed in singing the praises of the Almighty. She was in raptures. Here she would neither have to bear trouble and sorrow herself, nor be obliged to see others suffer. Moreover, now that she was in heaven, she did not begrudge the patriarch his earthly honors.

For some time Hanneh's bliss was perfect, but finally one day it was seriously threatened. The saints were engaged as usual, when suddenly three tremendous raps at the gate startled the great assembly. St. Peter started from his seat and sprang to his window to see who it was who had thus rudely interrupted the harmony of heaven. He cast a glance at the newcomer, and then, apparently in great excitement, beckoned to some of his attendants and gave them instructions that sent them hurrying

in various directions, as if on matters of great importance. Their mission was soon explained, for they had hardly disappeared before bands of cherubs and seraphs trooped down to the gate and ranged themselves on either side of the street leading from it, evidently for the purpose of receiving some one of great dignity. Some of the archangels, also, appeared and assisted St. Peter as he proceeded with unusual ceremony to undo the fastenings of the entrance. Everybody in heaven seemed to be interested in what was going on, Hanneh herself standing on tiptoe to see who it was who was to be admitted. When the doors flew back, what was her astonishment and disappointment to see that it was the patriarch. He was received with loud acclamations and escorted by the porter and the attendant archangels to a seat of honor near the throne. Hanneh could not believe her eyes. At last she burst into tears at the thought that even in heaven there is respect of persons.

Now, as we all know, tears are not allowed among the blessed. When, therefore, the other saints saw her weeping, they began to think that she must be one of the damned who had crept surreptitiously into heaven, and they betrayed their suspicions by withdrawing to some distance from her. She was thus for a moment left quite alone in a circle of her fellows, who were huddling together like frightened sheep and neglecting their parts in the heavenly choir. St. Peter, noticing the disturbance, at once came forward to see what was the matter. When he saw Hanneh weeping, he demanded sternly,

“What is this? Who are you?” “Your handmaid, Hanneh,” replied the wretched woman. “When were you admitted?” She mentioned the date. “What is your number?” She gave it. The porter produced his register and, after examining it carefully, said to himself, “It seems all right. Still, I do not understand it.” Then, turning to Hanneh, he added, “Do you not know that tears are not allowed in heaven? Tell me why you are weeping in this holy and blissful place.” Then, still sobbing, she told him her story. How the patriarch had pricked and teased her, protested against being properly washed and dressed, etc., when he was a baby, until she became convinced that he was born to disgrace his parents; how he had deceived his teachers and schoolmates, winning their respect and admiration instead of their contempt and abhorrence; how the Church had blindly loaded him with honors in spite of his, to her, evident unworthiness; and how, finally, St. Peter himself had shocked her sense of justice by giving the scapegrace a triumphal entry into heaven. When she had finished, the good-natured porter burst into a loud and hearty laugh. Then, patting the astonished woman on the back, he said, “There, there, my daughter! go back to your place and take your part in the singing. There are hundreds of saints like you, thank God, admitted every day, but it is sometimes not once in a hundred years that we can get a patriarch.”

## THE LOST CHAPTER.

The Christians of the various sects in Palestine now generally appreciate the value of education. They are therefore vying with one another in providing schools, especially for the preparation of priests for their calling. There are several schools of this latter sort in or near Jerusalem.

There are still, of course, particularly in out-of-the-way places, ignorant ecclesiastics; but the number of them is by no means so great as it was fifty years ago. In those earlier days the rural clergy connected with the orthodox Greek Church were notoriously uneducated. It was then the custom to provide a successor for a priest who was becoming old or feeble by selecting a likely lad from the boys of the village, and sending him as a servant to the convent in Jerusalem. Here he had to attend the various services of the Church and commit to memory the liturgies for Sundays, feast-days, baptisms, etc.; so that, when occasion required, he could read them, if nothing else, from the prayer-books.

A story is told to illustrate the sometimes humorous results of this method of training. There was once a young priest who, besides committing to memory the regular services, learned to read a chapter out of the Bible in Arabic. Being ambitious to receive due credit for his learning, he now and then treated his congregation to a recitation of this passage. It began with the words, "Then the Lord said to Moses" (*Wa-kal er-Rab li-Mousa*).



The first time he read it the people were astonished and delighted at the learning of their new pastor. After a while, however, they became tired of hearing over and over the same lesson. One morning, therefore, one of them, more resolute than the rest, undertook to introduce a change in the program. He came to the church some time before the service began and, taking the mark from the place where the priest always had it, moved it to another part of the sacred volume. When the priest came to the point where he usually introduced his lesson he opened the book and began with great confidence and volubility, "Wa-kal er-Rab li-Mousa." Suddenly, however, feeling the necessity of refreshing his memory, he fixed his eyes on the page to which he had opened, only to find that it was entirely unfamiliar. Then he realized that his mark had been moved and began frantically to turn the leaves, hoping to find the right chapter. Two or three times, thinking that he had found it, he commenced, "Wa-kal er-Rab li-Mousa," but that was all he could decipher. At last an old man in the congregation, confused by the repetition of this phrase, innocently inquired, "Father, what did the Lord say to Moses?" At this the priest lost his temper and exclaimed, "May 'Allah destroy the house of the man that moved the mark!"

## A CURIOUS CALENDAR.

There was once a priest who, not having an almanac or not being able to read it, learned by heart the long list of festivals of the Greek Church, with the number of days by which they were separated from one another. Then, wishing to keep a correct tally of the days as they passed, that he might give his people notice when, for example, the various fasts preceding certain festivals began, he resorted to the following simple expedient: He put into one of his pockets a number of chick-peas equal to the number of days in any given case, and every morning transferred one of these counters to another pocket. Thus, at any time, by counting the peas still in the first pocket, he could tell how many days remained.

Now this priest had a wife,—for Greek priests are permitted to marry,—who, however, did not happen to know anything of his ingenious contrivance. When, therefore, one day, as she was examining his clothing, she found the peas in his pockets, she naturally concluded that he was secretly fond of them, and, in the goodness of her heart, filled all his pockets with them. A little later her husband appeared in evident distress, exclaiming, as he beat his forehead, “According to the peas there will be no feast!”

## THE DEVIL A LEARNER.

The members of the orthodox Greek Church, as is well known, not only keep Lent, but have other seasons for fasting in their year; for example, forty days before Christmas. During these fasts they abstain from fish as well as other animal food.<sup>60</sup> Moreover, they deny themselves even milk and butter, and everything cooked with either of these as ingredients. In view of the strain which the severity of this rule must put upon the loyalty of the average believer, it is not strange that now and then one should yield to the temptation to disobey it. The next story relates to such a case, and an attempt to fix the responsibility for the lapse.

One day during a fast a monk, who was taking a stroll through the city, wandered down into the market. There he came upon a peasant woman who had some very fine eggs to sell. Being very tired of the vegetable diet on which he had long been subsisting, he very quietly bought two or three of them and carried them to his cell in the convent. He did not dare cook them at once, but that night, after the other brethren had retired to rest, he arose from his couch to prepare and enjoy them. Having no dish in which to boil them, he took one of them in a pair of tongues and held it over the flame of his candle until he thought it cooked to his taste. By the time he had treated two of them after this fashion the odor of burning egg-shells began to pervade the entire establishment. It reached the cell of the abbot,

whose olfactory nerves, although he was at his devotions, were on the alert for indications of clandestine cookery. He at once arose from his knees and, leaving his cell, candle in hand, went to the convent kitchen, where he expected to find the offender. The room was dark and evidently deserted. Puzzled, but not baffled, the old man now went up and down the corridors, vainly sniffing at the doors one after another, until he came to the cell in which the culinary operations were actually in progress. Here he halted and, seeing that there was a light in the room, peered through the keyhole just in time to catch the culprit in the act of roasting the last of his eggs.

The good man was pleased with the success of his search, but this feeling soon gave place to a proper indignation, moved by which he resolved not to overlook so gross a breach of monastic discipline. Moreover, he determined to act in the matter without delay. He therefore, still keeping his eye at the keyhole, rapped on the door and demanded admittance. As he did so he saw the startled monk hastily snatch up the eggs and thrust them under his pillow, then blow out the candle. A minute later he heard him snoring like one of the Seven Sleepers. At this the abbot naturally became even more indignant, and, dealing the door a succession of vigorous knocks, repeated in the sternest tones that he could produce his demand for admittance. He had to continue his efforts at this rate for some time before there was any response, but finally the snoring ceased and the brother in a drowsy voice, first muttered a complaint at not being allowed to sleep after

having exhausted his strength in the prescribed devotions, and then inquired with well-feigned impatience, who had disturbed his slumbers. The answer given, he hastily unlocked the door, meanwhile begging his superior's pardon for keeping him so long on the outside.

The abbot, taking no notice of the monk's excuses, proceeded at once to tax him with preparing food in his cell. The latter met the charge with an indignant denial. The abbot then asked him what had caused the odor that issued from his cell. He declared that he had smelled nothing unusual, but suggested that, if the air was not as pure as it might be, it had probably been vitiated by his candle, which had burned longer than usual that evening, and that without being snuffed, because he had forgotten himself and it in the fervor of his devotions. The abbot became more explicit, specifying eggs and describing the process by which they had been cooked; emphasizing also the sinfulness of indulging in such food in the fasting season. The monk agreed that it was very wicked, and begged his accuser not to think that he would be guilty of so serious a transgression.

The abbot, seeing that there was no other way of bringing the brother to confession, stepped to the bed and, thrusting his hand under the pillow, brought forth the sooty eggs, saying, as he did so, "What are these?" It was, of course, impossible for the monk, in the face of such evidence, to persist in his denial. He acknowledged that he had bought the eggs in the market, etc., and that, in so

doing, he had grievously offended; but he appealed for clemency on the ground that he had been tempted to do what he had done by the Devil in person. Now, unknown to both parties, the Father of Evil happened at that moment to be present in a corner of the cell. On hearing the monk trying to escape punishment by shifting the responsibility for the sin that had been committed to his shoulders, he sprang forward and indignantly exclaimed, "That is a foul lie!" adding, "I did not tempt this monk. It was not necessary. I indeed spend my days in tempting other people to sin, but at night I always go about to the convents, as I came to this one to-night, to learn from the monks such tricks as that at which, good abbot, you have just caught this fellow. I have made a note of this one for the benefit of less ingenious Christians."

#### A SHREWD SALESWOMAN.

One day a monk, who was strolling through the market, saw a fine pair of fowls for sale. He examined them to make sure of their quality, and then, after the usual higgling, agreed with the fellahah to whom they belonged on the price to be paid for them. At this stage of the bargain it transpired that the would-be purchaser had no money. The woman, being afraid to trust him, offered to lay the fowls aside for him until he could go for his purse. He, however, proposed to take the hen with him and leave the cock with her as a pledge for the sum due

her, which he promised to bring as soon as he could go to the convent and return. The woman objected that she did not know him, and that, if he forgot to redeem his pledge, and she were obliged to complain to the abbot, she should not even be able to name the person to whom she had sold the fowls. "O," replied the monk, "that is easily arranged. We are all known in the convent by Scripture names. Mine is 'U'fur lana ḥaṭayana (Forgive us our trespasses). When you came to the convent you would only have to inquire for 'U'fur lana ḥaṭayana, and they would immediately fetch me." "Ah," said the woman, who now saw through the ecclesiastic's scheme, "yours is indeed a beautiful name, but I have a better one. It is, La tadkhulna fi 'et-tajribat, wa-lakin naji dijajati min 'esh-sharir (Lead us not into temptation, but deliver my fowls from the Evil One).

#### A LOOSENED TENT-PEG.

An 'afrit, who had grown old in the practice of deviltry, finally made up his mind to abandon his evil habits and, as the first step in the opposite direction, to go on a pilgrimage. A little later he called together all his friends and neighbors, to acquaint them with his changed ideas and purposes and bid them farewell before starting on his journey. Now, among those assembled there happened to be a couple who had a promising son for whose future they were anxious to make suitable provision. When they heard the plans of their host, it occurred

to them that it would be of great advantage to a young demon, if he could see the world under the guidance and protection of so worthy a representative of their kind. They therefore approached him with the request that he allow their son to accompany him. At first he objected, and very strongly, on the ground that he wished to travel quietly, without becoming involved in any mischief or its consequences, and that there would be no peace for him if he had company on his journey, especially if his companion were in pursuit of experience in the practice of deviltry. Finally, however, he yielded to the repeated entreaties of his friends, but stipulated that the young demon should take a solemn oath by the thing most revered among the jan and the 'afarit, the seat of Solomon, and by everything else that is held sacred among them, that, while on his travels, he would not do harm or mischief to any living creature, whether man, beast, bird, or creeping thing; and the grateful parents readily subscribed to this condition.

In due time the repentant demon set out with his youthful companion. For a while all went well, but, after some weeks, the latter began to find the journey monotonous, in fact, intolerable, because he was denied the pleasure of now and then getting some one into trouble. Now, as every one knows, the 'afarit always travel by night and rest during the day. One dark, moonless night they encountered a large Arab encampment. Everything was so still that it was clear that the whole tribe was asleep. They passed through the place without disturbing



any one. A few minutes later, as they were proceeding on their way, the younger demon eagerly begged to be allowed to return and walk once more through the camp. The request was promptly denied and the petitioner sharply reminded of the oath that he had taken. When, however, he declared that he had no intention of breaking it by hurting anything living, his aged companion relented and granted the desired permission.

The young demon had been gone only a few minutes when he returned and announced his readiness to proceed. The pair then resumed their journey. They had not gone more than a hundred yards, however, before there broke forth in the camp an uproar to wake the dead; horses neighing, dogs barking, women and children shrieking, and angry men shouting curses. As soon as the older demon heard it he turned angrily upon his companion and said: "You accursed perjurer, you are at the bottom of this mischief. How did you dare break the solemn oath you took before we started?" "I have done nothing," replied the other with perfect coolness. "I have not lifted my finger against a living thing." "What, then, is the meaning of all this confusion?" was the second question. "I can not tell," was the response, "unless the shaykh's stallion has got loose." "What reason have you for thinking that this is the case?" sternly demanded the older demon. "Well," said the younger, "as I passed through the camp I saw the horse tethered to a peg in front of his master's tent, and it occurred to me to see if he was securely fastened, knowing that,

should he get loose, he might do a great deal of damage. I therefore turned aside and tried the tent-peg. It is possible that in doing so I loosened it and thus made it possible for the animal to pull it out of the earth. But, believe me, I have strictly kept my promise not to harm any living thing." This reply gave rise to the proverb, which is used when anybody by indirect means does mischief for which he can not be held directly responsible, "He only moved the tent-peg."

#### THE DEVIL OUTDONE.

An old lady one day, while taking her morning walk, met the Devil and fell into conversation with him. She asked him where he was going. "O," said he in reply, "I am about my usual business, making trouble for people." "That," said she, "is no art. Any fool can do that much." "I have often heard so," said he. "I have likewise been told that, not only fools, but even old women like yourself, can beat me at my own trade." "Well," said she, smiling, "suppose we have a trial of skill." The Devil accepted the challenge and invited her first to show what she could do. She politely declined on the ground that, as he was the acknowledged author of evil, he should have the precedence.

Not far from the spot where they were standing was a stallion, a lordly, fiery creature, fastened to a tent-peg. "Look," said 'Iblis, "I will just slightly loosen the peg, without drawing it from the ground; then watch for the result of my device."

He did as he had proposed, and a minute later the horse, tugging at his tether, pulled the peg from the ground and rushed off, trampling under his feet all who came in his way; so that, before he was caught, he had killed two men, besides seriously injuring several women and children. "Well," exclaimed the old woman, when she heard the list of casualties, "that was, indeed, a villainous piece of work. But now undo it by repairing the mischief you have caused." The Devil started in surprise. "That is something I never attempted," said he. "In fact, it is beyond my power." "Then," replied the woman, "you will have to acknowledge that I am more skillful than you, for I can not only do evil, but also undo it." "We shall see," he retorted, "when you have given me a specimen of your ability." "You have only to watch me," was all she took time to say as she proceeded to make good her surprising boast.

She first went home to provide herself with a good supply of money; then she went to the shop of a dealer in silks and other costly stuffs, who, as she knew, had recently been married. "Good morning, my lord," she said to the merchant, as she entered, "I want the most beautiful dress you have for sale." "I suppose," he ventured, "it is for your daughter's wedding." "No, my lord," she replied. "It is for my son." "It is he, then, who is going to be married," said the merchant, confident that this time he had guessed correctly. "Alas, no," said the woman, giving her voice a plaintive tone; "but he is in love with a young woman who has lately been

married to another man, and she has asked him for such a dress as the price of her favor." The merchant, astonished at this confession, asked, "How is it that an old woman like you allows her son to engage in such an intrigue?" "Ah, my lord," she wailed, "he has threatened to beat me unless I do his will, and I am sure that he will keep his word." "Well," said he, "here is the dress; but the price is twelve Napoleons, and, after what you have told me, my conscience will not allow me to sell it any cheaper." She made no objection, but took the money, one piece after another, from the knotted corner of a handkerchief which she had drawn from her bosom, and laid it on the counter. Then, the merchant having meanwhile done the dress up in a parcel, she took it and went her way.

The Devil, who had been an unseen witness to the transaction, exclaimed, as they left the shop, "Foolish woman! I can not see that you have harmed anybody but yourself by paying twelve Napoleons for a dress that is not worth half that amount." "Have patience," she replied. "I have only begun my task, only laid the first stone of my building. Wait and see what will come next."

The old woman now went home, laid aside her ordinary apparel and arrayed herself like a derwish, throwing a green veil over her head and hanging a great rosary with ninety-nine beads (*mesbahah*) around her neck. By this time it was noon. This being the hour that she had chosen for her next visit, she again set out, carrying the dress she had just bought with her, and proceeded to the street

where she knew the merchant of whom she had purchased it resided. She reached the door just as the muezzin of the neighboring mosque was intoning the call to prayer. She knocked and, when the door was opened, begged the servant to obtain from the mistress of the house permission for her to enter and say her prayers there, giving as the reason for the request, that she could not reach home in time. She explained further, that she was a devotee of mature age, perfectly pure in body, being no longer subject to the infirmities of women. The servant reported to her mistress, who, delighted to receive so worthy a guest, came to the door to greet her, and, having invited her to enter, showed her to a room where she might perform her devotions.

Her guest, however, was not so easily pleased as might have been expected. "You see, my beloved," she said, "the men have been smoking in this room. Now, as I have just bathed myself, I am perfectly pure; but, if I should take off my yellow boots to perform the genuflection (*rak'ah*) here, my feet would be defiled. Please take me to another room." She was taken to the dining-room. "Ah, my daughter," she objected, "meals have been eaten here. If I should try to pray here, I fear my mind would be distracted by carnal things. Have you not a quiet chamber where I may be for a few minutes without disturbance?" Finally, after all the rest had been inspected and declared for one reason or another unsuitable, the hostess said, "There is no other except our bedroom." "Take me to it," said the old woman with evident eagerness. When she was

shown into the room, she professed to be well pleased with it, and asked to be left alone for a while that she might say her prayers, promising to include in her petitions one that her hostess might be blessed with a son.

The lady of the house retired, closing the door behind her. As soon as she was gone her guest took the parcel that she carried and placed it under the pillow of the bed in which she guessed that the owner of the house slept. Having done so, she waited long enough to have said her prayers and then departed, thanking the hostess, as she went, for her hospitality, and assuring her that the petition for 'Allah's blessing on her and her husband had been duly offered, and would doubtless be answered.

That evening the draper came home as usual, and, after eating his supper and smoking a pipe, retired with his wife to rest. When he got into bed he found his pillow uncomfortable and, in attempting to adjust it, discovered, to his amazement, the parcel containing the dress that he himself had sold in the morning. He no sooner caught sight of it than the story told him by the old woman flashed upon him, and, jumping at the conclusion that his wife had betrayed him, he leaped from bed, seized her roughly by the arm, led her without a word to the door, thrust her, half naked as she was, into the street, and turned the key on her. Fortunately it was a moonless night and nobody saw her disgrace, except the author of it, the old woman who, having expected precisely what had happened, was lying in

wait for the innocent victim of her artifice. She came forward as soon as she heard the door closed and found the unfortunate lady crouching terrified in the darkness. Feigning surprise, she asked what was the matter. The poor creature, with tears and sobs, said she did not know, unless her husband, who had spoken to her as tenderly as ever only a moment before, had suddenly gone mad. "Do not be troubled, my daughter," said the old woman soothingly. "'Allah has sent me that I may succor you. Come to my house for the night, and trust me to see that the matter is arranged without the slightest reflection upon your honor."

This suggestion was very welcome to the rejected wife, and she lost no time in adopting it. Now, as is often the case in Palestine, the home of the old woman consisted of but a single room, in which she slept with her son, a young man, who was already in bed when she returned. The mother herself lay down on one side of the sleeper and invited her unhappy guest to go to rest on the other.<sup>61</sup> The invitation was gratefully accepted, and soon the younger woman also was wrapped in slumber. The older, on the other hand, lay awake listening to the noises that now and then broke the silence. Finally she caught the sound for which she had been waiting, the tramp of the watch as they passed on their rounds. On hearing it she sprang from her bed, rushed to the window and, throwing it open, cried at the top of her voice, "Come, people, come and see what a disgrace has befallen me in my old age. My son has brought a bad woman into the house and I

am obliged to spend the night in the same room with them." The watchman, hearing the outcry, came with all haste and, entering the house, the door of which had meanwhile been opened for them by its mistress, seized the rudely wakened young people and hurried them both off to the common prison.

The next morning, as soon as it was light, the old woman dressed herself as usual and then, throwing a long veil over her entire person, went to the prison. She applied to the keeper, with whom she was well acquainted, for permission to speak with the couple that had been arrested during the night, and the request was immediately granted. When the three had been left alone, she said to the now desperate wife, "Do not be frightened. I have come to set you free and restore you to your husband. Change dresses with me, and cover yourself with this veil. In this disguise you will be able to pass the guard and reach my house without being recognized. There I will join you before a great while." The young woman did as she was bidden, and soon escaped without difficulty. The old woman waited until the inspector came on his round and then began to shriek for redress. The official, on inquiring the reason of the uproar, was surprised to find that it came from an old acquaintance. She complained that the night-watchmen must have been drunk, since they had entered her house and taken her and her son to prison without cause or provocation. The keeper of the prison, not daring to confess that he had admitted a visitor at so early an hour, although he suspected the trick that had been played upon



him, testified that the two had<sup>\*</sup> been brought in at the dead of night, and he, not knowing who they were, had locked them up. The inspector, of course, at once ordered their release, and a reprimand for the officer who had arrested them.

On their return home the young man went to his work as usual. The old woman waited until the city was well astir, and then set out to visit the draper. He saluted her with an imprecation. She, however, made a sign to him to be silent and, taking him aside, told him the following story: She said that, after visiting his shop, she had been hospitably received by his wife and permitted to perform her devotions in their bedroom; that, when she went from the house, she had carelessly left the parcel she carried under the pillow of one of the beds; and that therefore his wife, who was now a guest at her humble home, was entirely innocent of any such offense as he had imagined. The man was naturally dumfounded. He really loved his wife, and, now that he had no evidence against her, he dreaded the thought of having to encounter her offended relatives. He therefore made the old woman a present of the money she had paid him for the dress, and begged her to bring about a reconciliation. She readily consented. He accepted an invitation to her house, where he made the most humble apologies for his hasty conduct and received forgiveness. Thus the pair were restored to one another, and no one else ever knew that they had been separated. The wife was so happy over the outcome that she, too, gave the old woman a handsome present. 'Tblis

was the only one who was not satisfied, for he had to confess the saying true, that "the Devil is no match for an old woman."

#### AT A FIRE.

There was once a man who lived with his family, including a bedridden mother-in-law, in a two-story dwelling. In an evil day this house took fire. The unfortunate tenant did his best to save his property, throwing many articles of furniture from the windows of the second story. While looking about for something else worth saving, he came upon his mother-in-law lying in a corner. He seized her in his arms and dropped her also into the street. Then, rolling her bed together, he carefully carried it down the stairs. As he came out of the door one of the neighbors asked him what he was carrying so tenderly. "My mother-in-law's bed," he replied. "And where is the old lady?" inquired several in chorus. "O," said the bewildered son-in-law, "I threw her out of the window to save her life."

#### THE HOOPOE'S STORIES.

Among the birds common in Palestine is the hoopoe. Its Arabic name is *hudhud*. It is a bird of about the size of the thrush, with a russet body, the wings and tail being black with white bars. It has a crest about two inches long, with black tips,

covering the entire head. The natives have great reverence for it, and attribute to it remarkable powers. It is mentioned in the Bible. (Lev. xi, 19.)<sup>62</sup> The following story has not much ornithological value, but it illustrates the popular Oriental ideas concerning women.

Whenever King Solomon went abroad in state, the birds of the air, by his command, hovered in vast flocks over his head to shield him and his retinue from the sun's rays. When he was about to marry, he gave orders that all the feathered creatures should render to his bride the same honor that he exacted for himself. All obeyed but the hoopoe, which loudly protested, and finally, to avoid doing homage to a woman, went and hid itself.

On the day of the wedding Solomon noticed the absence of the hoopoe, and commanded the other birds, on pain of his displeasure, to find it and bring it into his presence. North and south, and east and west, on swift wings flew the birds, but months and months passed before they were able to discover the whereabouts of the fugitive. At last, however, they found it living in a hole in a rock, on an island in the farthest of the seven seas, and summoned it to return with them to pay homage to Solomon's wife. To this demand it replied: "You have discovered my retreat, and, since you are many and I but one, it is useless for me to attempt to escape. I have no choice, therefore, but to go with you. Before you arrest me, however, listen, I beseech you, to three stories which I wish to relate to show what a fool Solomon must be to expect us to do homage

to so utterly worthless a creature as woman." The request was granted and the hoopoe began its first story:

WASTED AFFECTION.

There was once a man who had a very handsome wife. He was very fond of her, and she professed to be equally fond of him; yes, fonder. She cast doubt upon the depth of his love for her by telling him she was sure that if she were to die he would lose no time in looking for another wife. He was so grieved at these cruel words that he besought 'Allah to grant that she might bury him, and not he her. Moreover, he swore that if 'Allah did not hear his prayer, but took her soul first, he would sit by her grave and mourn for her night and day for seven years. On hearing this, she pretended to be greatly touched and declared that she would do even more for love of him and in his memory if he preceded her.

Now it pleased 'Allah that the wife should die first. The husband, therefore, true to his oath, mourned at her grave night and day for seven long and weary years. He gave up his business, neglected his person, and finally, having exhausted his means, lived on the broken victuals pitying neighbors sent him from time to time from their tables. His clothes became weather-stained, dirty, and ragged, but he did not care. His hair and beard, being untrimmed and unkempt, hung about him like the fronds of the maiden-hair fern from the walls of a cave or cistern, and his nails grew as long as

eagles' talons, while his body, from continuous pinning and fasting, became as gaunt and fleshless as St. George's mare.<sup>63</sup>

Now, about the time the seven years were ended, 'el Khudr happened to pass that way and, seeing the forlorn and emaciated mourner, desired him to relate his story. When it was ended, the saint asked him if he really believed that his wife would have been as faithful to him as he had been to her. He declared that he was sure of it. "Do you think," inquired 'el-Khudr further, "that, if she were now alive she would still love you?" "Of course I do," was the confident answer. "Well, then," said 'el-Khudr, "she shall be restored to you," and, suiting the action to the word, he struck the grave with Moses' rod, which he had brought with him, and called upon the dead woman to awake to renewed life. Instantly, in response to this summons, the grave yawned and, wrapped in her shroud, the wife again stood alive before her husband.

Meanwhile 'el-Khudr had hidden himself behind a neighboring tomb. When, therefore, the woman looked about her, she saw no one but the revolting creature just described. Startled by his appearance, she turned on him with the demand, "Who are you, decrepit and miserable being, more like a beast than a man? How is it that I am not in my home, but in the graveyard, and, O horror! wrapped in my shroud? If, as I fear, you are a ghoul, I beseech you not to devour me," she added, shrinking in terror from the wreck of her former helpmeet. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he could

persuade her that he was indeed the man who had loved her so dearly and sworn, and kept his oath, to mourn for her so faithfully. He begged her to go home with him; but she refused on the ground that it would never do for a woman to be seen going through the streets in her shroud, and proposed that they wait until evening. He consented, and, sitting down beside her, laid his head in her lap, where, overcome by his sudden joy, he soon fell into a sound sleep.

After a little a great oriental monarch, who happened to be passing, saw the pair by the open grave and wondered at their appearance and attitude. Struck with the beauty of the woman, even in her shroud, he asked her if she would be willing to become an inmate of his harem. Without a moment's hesitation she consented, and, lifting her husband's head from her lap, laid it on the ground beside her. Then she cheerfully stepped into a litter that happened to be in readiness and was carried away to the king's palace.

The instant the royal cortége was out of sight 'el-Khudr came forward and waked the husband, telling him that his wife had been carried off while he slept, but that if he would follow him, he should soon see her again. They started in pursuit and reached the palace soon after the king's arrival. 'El-Khudr demanded an instant audience, and so awe-struck were the guards by his commanding appearance, that, although they did not know who he was, they did not dare undertake to prevent him or his companion from proceeding at once into the

royal presence. The king was angry and incredulous when 'el-Khudr told him who the unfortunate man he had brought with him was, and the woman, who had already been attired as befitted a queen, declared that the old impostor had never been her husband. The saint replied that the matter could easily be settled, that the king had only to dress the woman again in her shroud and send her back to the graveyard, when the truth would immediately become evident. The king was forced to consent and order the woman back to the cemetery. When she reached her former grave, 'el-Khudr forced her into it, and then, with a second stroke of his magic rod, caused it to close over her. After this, by command of 'Allah, he restored to her husband the seven years of time, health, and vigor he had lost, thus enabling him to marry again and live long and happily with his second wife.

This was the hoopoe's first story. Having finished it, the bird proceeded at once with the second.

#### A REMEDY FOR SHREWISHNESS.

There were once two merchants who, being warm friends, agreed to go into partnership. One of them was a fat and jolly fellow, who had a wife that loved him and took good care of him. The other was a tall, spare man, and he had for a wife a shrew who made life a burden for him. One day the fat man asked his partner, instead of going home, to come and spend the evening with him, and the invitation was accepted. Now, although the host had not told

his wife that he intended to bring any one with him, she received them with the greatest cordiality, brought water to wash their hands and feet, set a good supper before them,—in short, did her best to make them happy and comfortable.

Some days later the lean man ventured to suggest to his spouse that he must return his partner's courtesy by inviting him to supper. She vouchsafed no reply, but, in the evening, when he came home with his guest, she met them with abuse and literally drove them out of the house. The would-be host was, of course, deeply chagrined, but his friend only laughed and invited him to a second meal at his own house. Again the lean man accepted, and again he was most hospitably received by his hostess.

After supper the host said to his companion, "I can now understand why you are always so dejected and miserable, and, being your friend as well as your partner, I am going to find a remedy for your trouble. My advice is that you take some of our goods and go to other cities to dispose of them. When you have been absent (say) six months, get some one to send me a report that you are dead. On hearing this, your wife will realize how good a husband she has lost and regret that she has treated you so shabbily. I will keep my eye on her, and when I perceive that she is really penitent, I will let you know, and you can return."

The lean man adopted the plan proposed, and in due time went on his journey. At the end of six months his partner received a letter announcing his death. The fat man then gave the supposed widow



notice that all the goods, etc., remaining in the business belonged to him. He also seized all her household furniture to pay a debt which, he claimed, his former associate owed him. In this way she was reduced to the most abject poverty. She was so notorious a vixen that nobody would employ her as a servant. She was therefore finally compelled to beg the fat man to help her. He treated her with marked coldness and reminded her how rudely she had treated both him and her husband, but finally told her that, though disinclined to help her for her own sake, he would, out of respect for his friend, see if he could induce his wife to engage her as a domestic. His wife, who was in the plot, at first demurred, but finally consented to the arrangement. The worthy couple contrived, however, to make the woman so miserable that she bitterly repented of the cruelty with which she had treated her husband. When, therefore, in response to a letter from his partner, the lean man reappeared, she received him with open arms, and thenceforth to the end of her life was a dutiful and affectionate spouse.

Here ended the second story. The third immediately followed.

#### THE LAST RESORT.

There once lived a merchant who possessed the rare power of understanding the speech of beasts and birds. This gift, however, had been bestowed upon him on condition that he should not, on pain of death, communicate what he thus learned to any other human being. None of his friends, not even

his beautiful wife, knew that he possessed this power or had any inkling of the danger to which its possession exposed him.

One evening, as he was standing at the door of his stable, he happened to hear his ox, which had just returned from plowing, complaining bitterly to the donkey on which he rode to and from his place of business. The tired beast thought it a sad lot to be compelled to work so hard in the yoke as he did from morning till night, and asked his companion to advise him how to obtain relief. "Well, if I were you," said the donkey, "I should pretend to be very ill, leaving my food untouched and rolling on the ground as if in great pain, when the servant came to take me to the field in the morning." The ox took the advice given, and the next morning the servant reported that the animal seemed very ill and unfit for work. On hearing this, the merchant gave orders that the donkey, which was large and strong, and had lately had little to do, should be attached to the plow instead of the ox, while the latter had a day's rest with extra food. Thus the donkey was made to suffer for the advice he had given to his horned companion.

In the evening the merchant posted himself near the stable door that he might overhear any conversation that took place, when, half dead with work and blows, the donkey came in from the field. His wife was with him, but she did not know what was going on. No sooner had the donkey reached his place than he asked the ox how he had fared. "O," said the latter, "very well indeed. Your advice was

really excellent. I have rested all day, and had an extra allowance of food. I think I shall continue the same game to-morrow. I do not see why I should toil so hard as I have, when I can easily live in ease and comfort." "My dear friend," said the donkey, "let me warn you against the danger of such a course. It may cost you your life." "How so?" asked the ox. "Well," replied the donkey, "while I was plowing to-day our master came into the field and told the servant he believed you were growing old and unfit for work, and that, therefore, he intended to take you to the butcher to-morrow, lest you should sicken and die, and he should lose the value of your carcass. I therefore advise that, in the morning, when the servant comes to look after us, you appear so well and strong that our master will be moved to change his mind and, instead of sending you to the butcher, allow you to return to the plow."

On hearing this crafty speech, the merchant, forgetting the presence of his wife, burst into a loud laugh. She, of course, at once asked him what pleased him. Seeing that he had made a mistake, he tried to evade an answer. This made her only the more inquisitive, and, when at last he refused to satisfy her, she lost her temper, scolded him roundly, and went to complain of him to her mother and other female relatives. They in turn incited his father-in-law and brothers-in-law against him, so that at last the poor man, who really loved his wife, driven to desperation by threats of a divorce, resolved to tell her all and die. He therefore settled

his affairs, made his will, and promised her that the next day her curiosity should be fully satisfied.

The next morning, as he was standing at a window overlooking the stable-yard, where a cock was gallanting with a number of hens, he heard his dog reproving chanticleer for behaving so thoughtlessly under so sorrowful circumstances. "Why! what is the matter?" asked the fowl. "Is it possible," answered the dog, "that you know nothing about our master's trouble?" and he proceeded to relate what had occurred. "Our master," said the cock, when he had heard the story, "is a fool. He has but one wife; yet he can not keep her in order, while I, with my twenty, have not the least trouble with them. All he has to do is to take a stick and give our mistress a sound thrashing; then I will guarantee that she will become the most amiable of women." On hearing this speech, the merchant saw matters in a new light. He took the cock's advice, and, calling his wife into an inner room of the harem, whipped her so soundly that she begged for mercy, promised never again to pry into his secrets, and from that hour gave him no further trouble.

"You see from these three most veracious stories," concluded the hoopoe, "what vain and troublesome creatures women are, and how foolish it was of Solomon to require us to do homage to one of them. It is true that now and then you find a good woman, like the fat man's wife, but when you do, you may be sure that her virtues are largely the fruits of the stick."

The rest of the birds acquiesced in these statements, and told the hoopoe they thought that, if these valuable facts were only known to Solomon, he would change his mind with regard to the sex and perhaps reward it (the hoopoe) for having dared, in the interest of mankind, to disobey him. They then all returned to the king, who, when he had listened to the hoopoe's three stories, took the crown from his own head and placed it on that of the bird, whose descendants wear it to this day.

#### THE CAMEL'S GRIEVANCE.

There once lived at Damascus a very wealthy man whose name was Hajj 'Ahmad 'Izrayk. His property consisted chiefly of great herds of camels, from which he had for many years supplied the caravans going to Mecca as well as other parts of the East.

Now, when the time came for him to die, instead of quietly yielding up his spirit, he lay so long with the death-rattle in his throat that his friends and relatives concluded that he had offended some one who had not forgiven him. They therefore sent to all with whom he had been associated, begging them to come and assure him that they had no grudges against him, since it was evident that the angel of death could not take away his soul until he had made his peace with them. His friends and acquaintances promptly responded to the summons. Even his enemies, on hearing of the agonies their adversary was suffering, touched with pity, came to his

bedside and begged him to forgive them, as they forgave him any injury they had received at his hands.

This scene of mutual forgiveness and reconciliation was most touching and edifying, but the gates of death still remained closed to the poor sufferer. Finally, it was suggested that he must have offended either the jan or some of the animals. The camel being the largest beast with which he had ever had anything to do, it was decided to ask the camels belonging to him to forgive any injury he had done them. They, however, being, as everybody knows, the most disagreeable and discourteous animals that 'Allah ever created, refused to take any notice of this request unless they were given a whole day, as a holiday, on which they could assemble and discuss the matter. This demand was granted, and the next day thousands of camels gathered on the great plain outside the gardens of the city. The noise they made was such as had never before been heard. The grunting, growling, snuffing, puffing, wheezing, etc., were simply indescribable. The discussion was long and stormy, but finally, toward nightfall, they came to a decision and deputed their shaykh to communicate it to Ḥajj 'Aḥmad.

Now, this shaykh was, mashallah, such an enormous beast that, when he was walking he looked like a moving mountain. His long hair hung from his sides like the tassels from a pair of saddlebags. At every step he raised a cloud of dust that darkened the air, and his foot left a print as large as a bread-bowl. Wherever he passed in the streets those who



A HERD OF CAMELS AT RAMLEH.





saw him exclaimed, "Mashallah! Praised be the Creator!" at the same time spitting right and left lest their admiration should expose its object to the baleful influence of the evil eye.

When this huge animal arrived at the house of Hajj 'Aḥmad, it was found that he was too large to go through the entrance. The relatives of the dying man politely suggested that he might deliver his message through the window. "No;" he replied in an offended tone, "I am the messenger and representative of the most noble and valuable race of animals, and, as such, if you can not receive me, I must simply return as I came."

Terrified by this threat, the friends of Hajj 'Aḥmad entreated the haughty creature to have a little patience while they devised a plan for admitting him to the house. They finally decided to tear down the wall of the house on one side and the partition between it and the room in which the sick man lay. When this had been done, and with all possible haste, the camel was able to approach the bedside. He entered the room and, having saluted his master, knelt near him and unfolded his message. "O Hajj 'Aḥmad," said he, "I have been sent by my brothers, the camels, to assure you that they forgive you and that they will not cherish any ill will toward you for offensive treatment in the past. Moreover, since you may not know, I am instructed to explain to you why you need their forgiveness. It is not because you, and your servants, and those to whom you have sold or let us have laid upon us heavy burdens, made us do the hardest work, and

sometimes even beaten us, that we felt resentful toward you. No; this is not the reason; for we are of those who submit to the decrees of the Creator, who doubtless made us camels to bear burdens and you men to be our masters. It is this, O Ḥajj, this which has grieved us, and sorely, that when, after having been heavily loaded and strung together by the hundred like the beads of a rosary, we have started on a journey, we have always had for our leader an insignificant donkey.”



THE DAMASCUS GATE.







## EL-KHUDR IN THE KURAN.

(Sur. xviii, 50ff.)

THEN said Moses to his servant, "I will not stop until I reach the confluence of the two seas, even if I walk more than eighty years." When they reached the confluence between them, they had forgotten their fish, and it had taken its way by a canal to the sea. When they had passed it, he said to his servant, "Bring us our dinner; verily, we have become weary from this our journey." Said he (Joshua), "Did you see? When we betook ourselves to the rock, I forgot the fish—and none but Satan prevented me from remembering it—and it strangely took its way to the sea." Said he (Moses), "That is what we were wishing;" and they retraced their steps backward.

Then they met one of our servants to whom we had ourselves shown favor and ourselves taught knowledge. Said Moses to him, "May I follow you, that you may teach me of that which you have learned of the true way?" Said he ('el-Khudr), "You will surely not long have patience with me. How will you be patient about things of which you have not mastered the knowledge?" Said he, "You will find me, if 'Allah please, patient, and I will not disobey your command." Said he ('el-Khudr), "If you follow me, do not ask me about anything, unless I first speak to you about it."

They then started and went until they entered a boat, which he ('el-Khudr) pierced. Said he (Moses), "Did you pierce it that you might drown its crew? Truly, you have done a strange thing!" Said he, "Did I not say to you that you would not have patience to stay with me?" Said he, "Do not blame me for having forgotten, nor lay upon me difficult commands."

Then they started and went until they met a youth, whom he ('el-Khudr) slew. Said he (Moses), "Did you kill a person guiltless of another's blood? Truly you have done an unheard-of thing!" Said he, "Did I not say to you that you would not have patience to stay with me?" Said he, "If I ask you about anything hereafter, do not accompany me. You already have my excuse."

Then they started and went until they reached the people of a town. They asked its people for food, but they refused to entertain them. Afterward they saw in it a wall that threatened to fall, and he ('el-Khudr) raised it up. Said he (Moses), "Had you wished, you might have received pay for it." Said he, "This separates us from each other. I will declare to you the meaning of the things about which you were impatient. As for the boat, it belonged to poor people who toiled on the sea, and I wished to damage it because there was behind them a king who seized every boat by force. As for the youth, his parents were believers, and we feared lest he should infect them with impiety and unbelief. We wished, also, that their Lord might give them in exchange a better than he and nearer in affec-



tion. As for the wall, it belonged to two orphan youths in the city, and there was under it a treasure that belonged to them. Since, now, their father was good, your Lord wished them to reach their vigor and extract the treasure as a blessing from your Lord. Nor did I do it on my own authority. This is the meaning of the things about which you were impatient.”



## NOTES



## NOTES

1. This is the name, meaning "sacred," of the inclosure about the Kubbet 'eṣ-Ṣakhra and the site of the Jewish temple.

2. The details here given with reference to the date of the restoration of the wall and its various parts are not correct. According to the inscriptions, seven in number, inserted at the time, the work was begun on the north side of the city in 1533 and ended on the south side in 1539. See Tobler, "Topographie von Jerusalem," 77ff.

3. This tradition is not unquestioned. There is another to the effect that, after visiting Jerusalem, then in the hands of the Crusaders, in 1141, the rabbi in the following year went through the country to Tyre, where he was received with great honor by the Jewish community, and thence to Damascus. There being no further trace of him, he is supposed to have died in this latter city.

4. This appears to be a story told of Godfrey de Bouillon transferred to a Moslem hero. For an account of Godfrey's exploit, see Michaud, "Histoire des Croisades," i, 268.

5. Of late it is said to have become the fashion among the Ashkenazim to take with them, on leaving Palestine, stones from this heap, either as relics or amulets, to secure their safe return.

6. This long, narrow inclosure under the western wall of the Haram is crowded every Friday evening with Jews—men, women, and children—lamenting the misfortunes that have befallen their city and people. For the litany used, see Baedeker's "Palestine."

7. The Jews who live inside the walls are still crowded together in the southern part of the city, east of the Armenians.

8. The name of God, consisting of the four letters יהוה, which a superstitious reverence forbids the Jews to utter. The proper pronunciation is probably Yahweh.

9. For a similar ceremony in the Mosaic ritual, see Num. v, 23.

10. The Jews permit one "for the preservation of life" to cook on the Sabbath or even to eat swine's flesh.

11. This story came direct from a man who heard it as a boy, while Ibrahim was governor of Syria.

12. There are Moslem legends connected with other crossroads in Palestine. The peasants in the neighborhood of the place where the road to Hebron crosses that from Bethlehem to Bayt Jala, for example, say that Satan and his host encamp there at certain seasons of the year. It is possible that, in the case above given, the name of the cistern is con-

nected with the tradition that the Tombs of the Kings are really the sepulcher of Kaiba Shebua—by some believed to have been the father-in-law of Rabbi Akiba—who distinguished himself by his liberality to the poor during a famine in Jerusalem. Compare the story of Queen Helena, as related by Josephus (Ant. xx, 2, 5).

13. The fellah said that the descent was by forty steps the last two of which were of precious metal.

14. For the corresponding provision of the Mosaic law, see Deut. xxiii, 24f.

15. A donkey nowadays sometimes loses one or both of its ears if it is caught trespassing by a neighbor of its master.

16. This is the way in which the Moslems usually refer to the period of the occupation of the country by the Christians.

17. It would probably be difficult now to find any of the descendants of these refugees, but the story of the roll is still current in Jerusalem.

18. A Turkish coin worth about twelve cents.

19. Some of these high-born people are more fortunate. There are descendants of Saladin who are pensioners of the Johanniter-Orden. The family of the great Khalid is still powerful in Jerusalem.

20. This is one version of the story. There is another, a Christian version, in which, of course, the Jew gets the worst of the contest.

21. The Russian pilgrim is now so familiar a figure on the road from Jerusalem to Jericho that the natives can not imagine a scene in this region without one. For other anachronisms, see p. 73.

22. The 'abayeh is the wide, and often coarse, outer garment worn by all classes in Palestine, and, on occasion, adaptable to many other uses. See Deut. xxiv, 13; Am. ii, 8; Palestine Exploration Fund "Quarterly Statement," 1881, 298f.

23. A mountain near Mecca, whose name (Recognition), according to Moslem tradition, was given to it because on it Adam found Eve after they had been thrown out of Paradise.

24. For a similar story concerning the death of Moses, see Clermont-Ganneau. "Archaeological Researches," II, 49.

25. The existence of these vats so near the well is one of the reasons for believing, as many do, that Bir 'Eyyub is the En-rogel of the Old Testament.

26. This story is told, with suitable variations, among the Moslems, as well as among the Christians, of the country.

27. This proverb in Arabic is often found on vessels of brass made in Damascus. The following is also a favorite: Your tongue is your horse (or fortress); if you cherish him, he will protect you, but, if you despise him, he will put you to shame.

28. Fiske ("The Discovery of America," II., 485f.) traces the story of the Fountain of Youth, in the search for which Ponce de Leon received the wound that caused his death, to "a spurious letter purporting to come from Prester John, which made its way through Europe in the latter part of the twelfth century." He adds that this fountain "had its remote origin in folk-lore," but he does not suggest, as he might have done, that Europe learned of it from the Moors.

29. For other particulars concerning this place and the "treatment" here practiced, see Thomson, "The Land and the Book" (1886), I. 329f.

30. The name here given to the evil spirit is derived from the Arabic root meaning "cling."

31. For the various opinions with reference to the identity of 'el-Khndr, see Hughes, "Dictionary of Islam," 272f.

32. Bint el-melek bititdarraj, Wa-kull 'en-nas bititfarraj.

33. The name Risto appears to be a corruption of Aristotle. It has been suggested that the story is a distorted tradition concerning an operation for cancer attributed to him.

34. The thirty-third of 'Omer is the thirty-third day after the fifteenth of Nisan, the second of passover, when a sheaf ('omer) of barley was offered to God as the firstfruits of the coming harvest. See Lev. xxiii, 10.. This eighteenth of 'Iyyar is celebrated as the anniversary of the disappearance of a plague in the days of Rabbi Akiba. See Friedlander, "Text-book of the Jewish Religion," 27.

35. The kadi is a civil, the mufti a religious judge.

36. A similar legend is current in Hebron. In this case, however, the august person who relieves the difficulty is naturally, not Elijah, but Abraham.

37. This reservoir, so named after Sultan Sulayman, who restored it in the sixteenth century, is sometimes erroneously called the Lower Pool of Gihon.

38. This is one form of the story. There is another, according to which the threshing-floor was that of 'Arawnah on the site afterward occupied by the Jewish temple. See Lees, "Jerusalem Illustrated," 71.

39. This chain is mentioned as early as 913 by 'Ibn 'Abd Rabbih. See Le Strange, "Palestine under the Moslems," 151ff. The legend here given is mentioned for the first time, so far as the present writer is aware, by Mujir 'ed-Din in 1496.

40. There is an evident connection between this legend and the fact that Jews are not (wittingly) admitted to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, or even permitted to pass through the street leading to the entrance.

41. An ancient Jewish authority represents some of the demons as the fruit of "liaisons" between other demons and Adam and Eve before the human couple had other children. See "Bereshith Rabba," 112.

42. On the general subject of the jan and their relations to human beings, the reader will do well to consult "Quarterly Statement," 1893, 204ff.

43. Only the poorest of the Arabs sleep without a light. Hence to say of one, "He sleeps in darkness," is equivalent to saying that he is extremely poor. See "Quarterly Statement," 1881, 118.

44. The Arabic name for it is evidently only another form of the Greek *παραγον*. This herb was formerly used in Europe in sprinkling holy water and believed to be a powerful protection against witches. Hence, according to Jeremy Taylor, it was called "the herb of grace."

45. The 'afrit is only a more powerful evil genius than the jinni. 'Afarit is a plural.

46. "Daymeh, wa-yukeththir 'Allah kbayrkum;" continuance (of ability to dispense hospitality), and may 'Allah increase your wealth!

47. The expression is intended to convey admiration and, at the same time, protect the object of it from the influence of the evil eye.

48. A dish consisting of bits of pastry covered with syrup, of which Orientals are proverbially fond. There is a story of an Arab who, when threatened with immediate death if he took any more of it, coolly commended his family to the mercy of the emir, who stood over him with a drawn sword, and took another mouthful.

49. It is a common thing for the natives in Palestine to bury charms under thresholds and other spots over which their enemies are expected to pass. Thus a servant in an English family buried the shoulder-blades of a sheep, covered with imprecations, at a gate through which another servant with whom he had quarreled had to go.

50. The Moslems despise and avoid dogs, but they tolerate and even admire cats, because, according to tradition, Mohammed was very fond of them. The story is that, on one occasion, while he was sitting in conversation with one of his friends, his favorite cat went to sleep on one of the long, flowing sleeves of his garment. When he wished to rise, rather than wake her, he cut off the sleeve and left her lying on it.

51. The word "sebr" means both "aloes" and "patience;" while "hennah," a word of the same pronunciation as the name of the plant from which the dye used by Orientals is prepared, means "tenderness."

52. The original of this story is found in the *Kuran*, Sur. xviii, 59ff. For a translation of it, see the Appendix.

53. This is one of the names now given to the continuation of the Kidron Valley in its eastward course below Jerusalem.

54. It is current in more than one version.

55. The "shibah" is described as an animal combining the characteristics of the badger and the hyena.



56. A version of this story will be found in Grimm's collection of fairy tales.

57. For a description of the wonders performed by Oriental magicians with the mirror of ink, see Lane, "Modern Egypt," 5, 1, 337ff., or Thomson, "The Land and the Book" (1869), I. 228f.

58. A stick, called in Arabic "maḥajaneh," carried by derwishes. It is curved at one end like a symbol sometimes seen in representations of Egyptian gods.

59. This story is not new, but it is so characteristic and instructive that the present collection would not have been complete without it.

60. They make exceptions of snails and caviar.

61. Buckingham relates that, when he was in 'es-Salt, he and his attendant slept, the one on one side, the other on the other, of and about two feet distant from, their hostess, a widow, whose children occupied the outer edges of the common bed on the floor. "Travels Among the Arab Tribes," 24.

62. See also the Kuran, xxvii, 20, where, however, Sale wrongly renders the Arabic name "lapwing." For further particulars concerning the bird, see Tristram, "Natural History of the Bible," 208ff.

63. An insect with an exceedingly attenuated body, the "mantis religiosa."













